

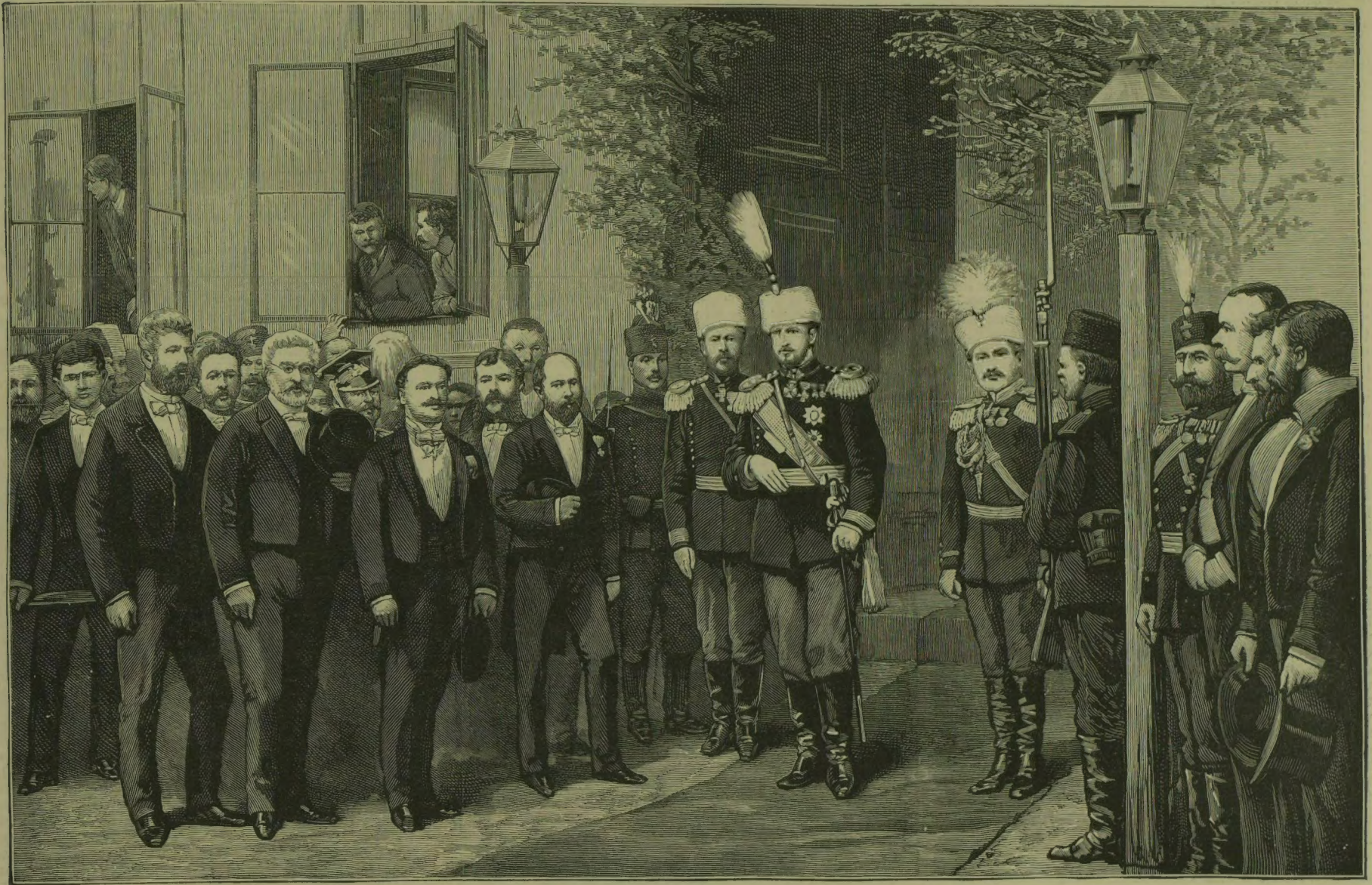
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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ARRIVAL OF PRINCE FERDINAND OF COBURG AT WIDDIN, BULGARIA.



FIRE ON HAREWOOD DALE MOOR, NEAR SCARBOROUGH.



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The jewellery trade is in a most depressed state, and has been so for some few years past. Birmingham, in particular, suffers from this lack of demand for one of its special products. Hundreds of artisans belonging to that trade are out of work, or are having only short time. The manufacturers, therefore, a few weeks ago, made a special appeal to the Princess of Wales to help them by rendering the use of jewellery more fashionable. A deputation of the petitioners had an interview with Sir Dighton Probyn, to explain to him what they thought the Princess could do for them. The result was that a message was ordered by her Royal Highness to be sent to the jewellers to the effect that she would endeavour to give the aid they begged. This has been followed by a considerable purchase of *bijouterie* for personal adornment by the Royal lady whose influence over fashion is so powerful. The Queen's wearing diamonds in her bonnet at the Abbey service has already led to several ladies appearing at garden-parties and weddings and other smart functions in bonnets similarly adorned. There is much likelihood, therefore, of an early revival in the fashion of wearing jewellery.

Mr. Wall Richards, a well-known Birmingham citizen, however, expresses his opinion that the deadness of the trade is largely owing to the want of enterprise and ingenuity on the part of the manufacturers and shopkeepers. He points out that, while manufacturers of all kinds of wearing apparel are constantly inventing something new, and advertising their fresh ideas widely, not only to the trade, but to the public at large in every possible way, jewellers settle down in a groove, repeat the same designs perpetually, and, even if they do occasionally produce something original, take no pains to call the attention of the world to it. How true this criticism is may be gathered even by a walk along Regent-street, where jewellers' shops abound. In every window the designs are identical. There is the diamond star, and the crescent, and the horseshoe, with an occasional ugly lizard or beetle for variety; there is the hunting-crop and shoe in gold, and a variety of other little brooches in that precious metal, differing, no doubt, in detail, but on the whole so much alike that scarcely could the most intimate friend of the owners distinguish "t other from which" if a dozen ladies' trinkets were mixed up together. If anybody still doubts the truth of Mr. Richards' observation, let him try the experiment of getting an original design of some innate elegance and beauty in any article of jewellery. I did this not long ago. I wanted a bracelet, and wished for one which should not be exactly like everybody else's. I could not get it. A few designs were produced, not beautiful in themselves, but still showing a little originality; but they invariably contained small and inferior stones. The fine stones were set in straight rows, with as much notion of beauty and originality in their arrangement as in an old-fashioned box-edges to a garden. There is no room for personal taste in this sort of thing; and anybody else's diamond bangle would be just like this diamond bangle.

"The beauty of the stones is quite sufficient; ladies do not wish attention withdrawn from that by any peculiarity of setting," the shopman invariably replies to complaints of this monotony. The jewellers might take a lesson upon that subject from the great dressmakers. Do they maintain that a rich brocade or a perfect silk should not be draped or made up with any invention and originality, because, forsooth! the beauty of the stuff is sufficient alone? Not at all. They know well enough that novelty in the make is acceptable as enhancing the charm of the gown as a work of art while it is new; and they know that the more distinctive it is, the sooner all the wearer's friends will be so thoroughly acquainted with it that she will begin to wish for a fresh thing, irrespective of the condition of the one she possesses. Why should one have a new ornament when the designs are so little distinctive that nobody will know it from one's old ones? I am sure that if the English jewellers wish to revive their trade, they must improve and extend their styles.

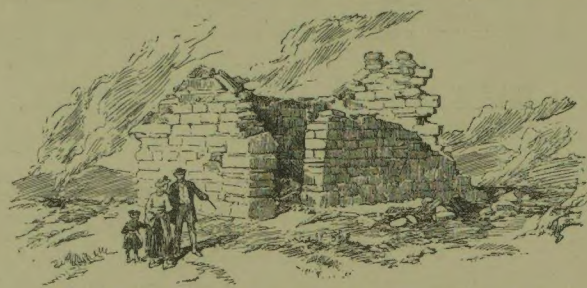
This year has been the tercentenary of the execution of poor Mary Stuart, Queen Regnant of Scotland, Dowager of France, Presumptive of England—the girl who never knew a mother's care, the wife widowed at eighteen, the fascinating woman scorned by the man to whom she gave her hand, the mother banished from her son, the free spirit doomed to twenty years' captivity and a cruel death by violence—alas! poor soul, as though she had been destined to show how high may be the fictitious glories, and, at the same time, how absent the commonest alleviations, of mortal existence. The present occasion has drawn renewed attention to her personality; and while the *Univers* wishes her to be canonised, the Marchioness Dowager of Huntley proposes that all women named Mary should give a subscription towards the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral as a memorial of the Queen of Scots, whose first burial-place was there.

This last is a strange notion enough. Poor Mary was a devoted Catholic; whatever may be thought of her personal character and history, no one doubts that she cared more to extend her powers for her Church's sake than for her own, and that she would have exerted every effort to exterminate Protestantism from these islands had she become actual governing Queen of England and Wales as well as of Scotland. The idea of memorialising her by the restoration of a Protestant cathedral has, therefore, something quaint about it. If the essence of wit is the unforeseen, this proposal may be classed amongst the merry jests of the hour.

As to the canonising, that may be right enough. I am a firm believer in Queen Mary. In an interesting letter which I once received from Agnes Strickland, the biographer of the Queen of Scots as well as of the Queens of England, that amiable and learned partisan of Mary remarks, very truly, that the enthusiasm of women for that unhappy Sovereign lady, not only in her own day but ever since, is in itself presumptive reason for faith in her innocence. Women did indeed cling to and believe in Mary in her lifetime. Everybody has heard of Margaret Douglas who sought to assassinate Elizabeth as a punishment for her killing of Mary, in whose service Margaret had been for many years. But Margaret was not alone in this devotion. Several women clung to Mary through all her reverses, from the simple tirewomen, who wore themselves out in her prisons, and then begged the reversion of their places for their young daughters, up to her bosom-friend from infancy, Mary Seaton, that model of true woman's love for a woman. Mary Seaton, who was a childish comrade in the convent in France, then a lady-in-waiting at the Court; who shared the imprisonment of Lochleven, remaining behind to personate the Queen when Mary sought to escape in the washerwoman's disguise; who fled with the Queen to England, and was honoured with a whole sentence in a State paper, written by Mary's first keeper to Cecil, and describing how the Queen's high-born friend became in that emergency her tirewoman, and presented her every day with a new style of dressing the hair; who refused to marry her lover because she had sworn a vow never to leave the Queen in prison; and who never left her indeed till, after many years, crippled by rheumatism, she became a burden rather than an aid to her mistress, and so took the veil. Bad women are not loved by other women as the Queen of Scots was loved by Mary Seaton. F. F. M.

## FIRE ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.

A correspondent at Scarborough, Mr. W. H. Richardson, favours us with a sketch, taken on the 10th inst., of the great fire that raged several days on Harewood-dale moor, part of an estate belonging to Lord Derwent, but let for shooting to Mr. Lockwood, Q.C. The fire at that time, aided by a high westerly wind, was making rapid progress, defying all efforts to keep it in check. More than a hundred men, employed in attempting to prevent its spreading, had been at work day and night, but their labour had had no perceptible effect. The wind changing to the north early in the morning, turned the fire in another direction, just avoiding several farmhouses and plantations



COTTAGE DESTROYED BY THE FIRE ON HAREWOOD DALE MOOR.

in the dale. Much fear was entertained for the safety of the Falcon Inn, and the furniture was removed, as the peat bogs, situate just beyond, were on fire, and with the dry weather and the depth and condition of the peat might burn for weeks. The view shown in our correspondent's sketch is one looking from the Falcon Inn. The extent of the fire was three miles across country, and fully two miles in the opposite direction. It burnt deep in the peat, and apparently could only be extinguished by very heavy rain.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

London's theatrical stars are beginning to shine in the provinces. Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum company commenced their brief provincial tour prior to their departure for New York on Tuesday evening last at the Edinburgh Lyceum Theatre. The special artistic effects which impart a singularly attractive weirdness to Mr. Irving's magnificent stage representation of "Faust" require considerable preparations. Hence the delay of a day in the first performance, which was enthusiastically applauded on Tuesday. In the way of light and brilliant musical and choreographic entertainment, there is nothing so gay and lively on tour as "Richard Henry's" bright burlesque-drama of "Monte Christo, Junior," running merrily this week at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester. The joint authors, who call themselves "Richard Henry," have been commissioned by Mr. George Edwardes to write the next Christmas Gaiety burlesque; and they are engaged on a comic melodramatic version of the story of Frankenstein, having chosen perennial and sprightly Miss Nellie Farren as Frankenstein, and Mr. Fred. Leslie as the Monster, with lissom, clever, and agile Mr. Lonnen (of "Ballyhooley" fame) in a good part. The masterly and ingenious Mr. Charles Harris has already devised some startling new scenic effects for this modern edition of "Frankenstein."

In town, August sultriness has not hindered two managements from boldly resolving to reopen the doors of a brace of neighbouring playhouses. In emulation of Mrs. Bernard Beere's success with "As In a Looking-Glass," Mr. A. H. Chamberlyn courts fortune at the Opera Comique with Mr. John A. Stevens's play, "A Secret Foe," which is to be presented to-night for the first time in London. Miss Agnes Hewitt produces the new drama of "The Pointsman," by Mr. R. C. Carton and Mr. Cecil Raleigh, at the Olympic on Monday evening next. In changing the scene of "Devil Caresfoot" from the Strand to the Comedy, those responsible for this unpalatable play will hardly change its ill-luck.

The Standard Theatre, under the management of Mr. John Douglass, can be generally depended upon for a rousing sensation. This necessary feature in a popular drama is not lacking in the latest Standard novelty, "The Royal Mail," the authors of which have with some ingenuity evolved a variety of most improbable incidents. Opening with a prologue on the banks of the Irrawaddy, where a group of English officers and ladies are seen floating down the river (of real water) on a raft, and where Tommy Atkins comes up opportunely to save them from an ambush, "The Royal Mail" conducts us next to South Wales. These two villainous adventurers, who had plotted against the English in Burmah, and one of whom had married the widow of an officer he thought he had shot on the Irrawaddy, are eventually unmasked. It is the robbery of the Royal mail-cart by the pair of rascals that gives the title to this peculiar drama, which closes effectively with a shipwreck and rescue scene, wherein Colonel Paton is brought ashore in a real life-boat on the piece of real water which is, it appears, always tanked at the Standard. Mr. Richard Douglass, one of the most artistic and natural of our scene-painters, has excelled himself in the scenery which adorns "The Royal Mail." The play, such as it is, has capable representatives in Miss Amy Steinberg, Miss Marie St. John, Mr. Richard Purdon (exceedingly amusing as the low comedian), and others. But the scenic tableaux are the most commendable features of "The Royal Mail."

At the Avenue Theatre they have, in the classic phrase of Astley's, "Cut the dialogue, and come to the horses!" And Professor E. K. Crocker's intelligent "Equirational Troupe" certainly surpass in skill and adroitness some of the burlesque figurantes formerly exhibited on the same stage. These well-drilled horses go through some surprising feats and amusing manoeuvres. They go to school, not unwillingly but with alacrity; and obey the professor with wonderful docility. For example, Victor rings the class bell at the word of command; Eagle sponges from the slate Alger's wrongly added-up sum in arithmetic; Victor revolves as bidden; and Hugo extracts coloured handkerchiefs from a desk in accordance with his master's instructions. With similar readiness do these remarkable horses jump hurdles and clear a trio of their class-mates; play at "see-saw" and bell-ringing; hold a law-court; and show how they can march, encamp, and fight a battle. Altogether, the Avenue offers a singularly attractive equestrian performance, unique, novel, and entertaining.

The Ryde Royal Regatta, to which the Queen contributes a subscription of £20, took place on Tuesday in glorious weather. The pier was crowded with spectators.

We are requested to state that the presents given to the Queen on the occasion of her Majesty's Jubilee are not exhibited at Windsor Castle. Arrangements will shortly be made, by her Majesty's permission to exhibit them in London, of which due notice will be given.

## THE SILENT MEMBER.

Before Mr. Gladstone returned to lead the attack on the Government for the Proclamation of the Irish National League, the Marquis of Hartington had shown signs of evident uneasiness on the front Opposition bench. One evening, his Lordship would stroll in, and occupy for a moment his customary seat next Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the primrose hue of whose complexion, by-the-way, may possibly be attributed, as Mr. Gladstone jocosely suggested, to political dalliance with the seductive Delilah of the Primrose League. Gathering presumably scant comfort from his acute Birmingham henchman (known to disapprove alike the Lords' ill-advised amendments to the Irish Land Bill and the Ministerial determination to proclaim the Land League), Lord Hartington would then betake himself to the other end of the bench, near the Speaker's chair, to consult with Mr. Henage, who had offered him the incense of sincerest flattery by closely following him in the fashion of his white hat, clip of his brown beard, and cut of his light trousers. And yet his Lordship seemed not happy! With Mr. Chamberlain champing his bit; with Mr. T. W. Russell soundly rating the Government and formally withdrawing from the Liberal Unionist Association, and Mr. F. W. Maude, its secretary, following suit, the noble Lord finds it difficult to maintain that judicial position between the Liberal and Conservative parties which has hitherto given him the command of the political situation. On the one hand, Lord Hartington, for reasons patent to everyone, has an invincible repugnance to co-operation with the Parnellite members; and on the other hand, he is sincerely desirous to see the Ministry, as a condition of his influential support, actively take up the goodly programme of Liberal reforms he has recommended to their consideration. Halting evidently between two courses, his Lordship may perchance after all be induced to "come over and help us," as Lord Randolph Churchill once plainly put it; but his own consistent Liberalism, together with the Liberal traditions of the Cavendish family, may well make him pause ere he takes a step that would be profoundly regretted by all who have worked with him, and admired the steadfast consistency that has characterised him throughout his Parliamentary career.

With his son's wedding-bells yet ringing in his ears, and with every inducement to join his family in a welcome holiday at Dieppe, the Marquis of Salisbury must have been moved by a stern sense of duty to go down to the close House of Lords on the Nineteenth, and announce that the Lord Lieutenant had "by Proclamation declared the National League to be a dangerous association under Section Six of the Crimes Act, and has thus taken power under the statute to prohibit and suppress that association by order in any district where such a step may be required, to prevent intimidation or interference with the administration of the law." The Prime Minister laid the Proclamation on the table; and the House proceeded to finally sanction the amended Irish Land Bill, which is based, to a certain extent, strange to say, upon the Land League's very "Plan of Campaign" which it is now proposed to counteract. The exclamations of Mr. Sexton and Mr. J. O'Connor when Mr. Balfour conveyed the terms of the Proclamation to the Commons the same evening; the instant resolve of Mr. Gladstone to join issue with the Government on the point; and Mr. Chamberlain's objection at Birmingham to the action of Dublin Castle, foreshadowed the stormy time of it for Ministers in the Lower House.

So much may depend in the future upon any step Mr. Chamberlain takes that it is worth while to bestow a moment's thought on the rather self-contradictory speech in which the right hon. gentleman justified his continued support, in alliance with Lord Hartington, of the present Government. He demonstrated the manifest inexpediency of proclaiming and advertising the League, and intimated he might have to vote against the Ministry, but qualified the threat by remarking that he still considered himself among the "independent friends of the Government," and had not resigned his connection with the "Liberal Unionist Party." While praising the Government for what was good in their Irish Land Bill, and for their efforts to pass the Coal-Mines Bill and the Allotments Bill, Mr. Chamberlain contrived a loophole for escape from his present embarrassing position, if necessary, by a passing tribute to Mr. Gladstone, adding that "that will be a happy day for all of us when Mr. Gladstone enables us once more to range ourselves by his side." Well, to any reasonable Liberal member it must seem that there is no obstacle but an imaginary one to this rational step on the part of Mr. Chamberlain and the remaining Liberal Unionists. Each point that was objected to in Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill has been plainly dropped, as Sir George Trevelyan and Mr. F. W. Maude clearly show. And, however illogically Mr. Chamberlain may strive to account for the Gladstonian majorities at Spalding and Coventry and Northwich, the free criticisms of the Government he has recently indulged in have demonstrated to those who can read between the lines that the right hon. member for Birmingham is as keenly alive as anyone to "the rising tide" which is with the Gladstonian Liberals.

The Home Secretary, maladroit in his treatment at first of the arrest of Miss Cass, has regained favour by his judicious action in the case of Israel Lipski. The respite for a week only, and Mr. Matthews's final decision to let the law take its course, found ample justification in Sunday's confession of Miriam Angel's murderer, whose execution on Monday at the Old Bailey closed a ghastly story of East-End poverty and crime.

Mr. Matthews acquitted himself well again on Monday in his courteous and considerate explanation respecting the unfortunate arrest at Cowes of a French lady, Mlle. Drouin, since released. Ample apologies and compensation were obviously called for in this case. In Committee, the same evening, on the Police Estimates, Mr. Matthews had to answer the wholesale animadversions of Mr. Pickersgill, who formally moved that Sir Charles Warren's salary, £1500, should be dropped! Fruitlessly, of course. Far from satisfactory though Sir Charles Warren has proved as Chief Commissioner, either as regards the public or the members of the Force, a majority of 88 voted against Mr. Pickersgill. The Home Secretary, on the whole, got through the "heckling" of Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Pickersgill very well.

The Lords, who kept holiday on Monday, by Royal Commission signified her Majesty's assent to the Irish Land Bill, the margarine and other measures, on Tuesday—and, fatigued by the labour, at once adjourned. With a stronger appetite for work, the Commons the same evening tackled, in Committee of Supply, the South Kensington Science and Art Department (£278,558), the British Museum (£147,385), the National Gallery (£8900), the subsidised Learned Societies (£23,900), the New Hebrides, Paris Exhibition, and the Suez Canal!

The grouse and partridge will doubtless laugh and revel at midnight till the Parliamentary feast is o'er; for to many a rejoicing bird the reckoning will not come till the middle of September. It has been an unconscionably prolonged Session, considering the small amount of good and useful legislation passed by the Government.



## HOLIDAY RAMBLES.

(By our Paris Correspondent.)

## FLORENCE TO BASEL—BY ST. GOTHARD.

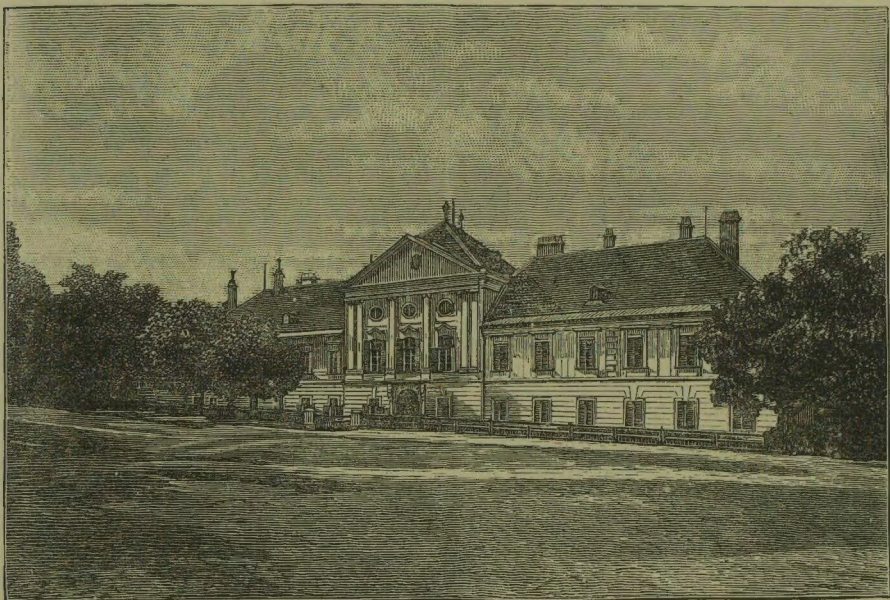
Delightful as it may be to wander over the face of the earth in quest of true ideas, the day comes when one has had enough of the semi-barbarous life of hotels and of the lugubrious nourishment of indigenous restaurants. The mind feels full of new notions and charming souvenirs; there is no more room left; there remains nothing to be done but to return home, resume the harness of every-day life, and in leisure moments to think over and digest one's summer journey. So, one night in August I started from Florence in a stuffy sleeping-car, full of stout Italians, who were puffing and blowing, and longing to reach the mountains and breathe fresh air. What horrible inventions are these Continental sleeping-cars, especially in summer, when they become mere dust-catchers and smell-traps! How much more agreeable would they be if the upholstery and padding were simplified! However, we went bouncing along through the night and through the Apennines, and arrived in the morning at Milan, where some abominable coffee awaited us. It is to be regretted that in these days of rational education such an important matter as the best method of making coffee should remain omitted in the programmes of primary schools. The art of making bread might also be taught with advantage, and the general vulgarisation of the elements of the science of comfort would contribute largely to increase the pleasures of travelling, which Sir John Lubbock justly considers to be one of the greatest sources of modern happiness. However, when one is in the land of the Philistines patience is better than grumbling; and if one only has enough patience, even bad coffee will seem good in certain circumstances. Finally, after a two-hours' wait, we started again on an international train labelled "Basilea, Berne, Zurich, Lucerne, Paris, Ostende," and I know not what beside; and soon we passed Como and its lake, and entered upon the great St. Gothard route. Next we came to Lugano, where in

the Church of the Angels are a vast fresco of the Crucifixion and a Virgin by Luini. How irritating to pass by without seeing these two works, for the frescoes of Luini seen at Milan are among the most vivid and delicious of my new souvenirs. Those who have only seen the oil paintings of Luini cannot form any idea how great a master he was, and by no means a simple imitator of Leonardo, as many suppose. Why did I not stop at Lugano? Why did I not ask permission to hunt in the archives of the Franciscan monastery, where Luini is said to have died? For somewhere or other I have read that Luini, having killed a man in a duel, retired to this monastery to do penance, and paid the hospitality of the good monks by painting in their church the fresco of the Crucifixion. There is very little known, too, about Luini, and if I had only stayed and searched these archives at Lugano I might have found something, and perhaps written a book and become famous, and been appointed to a cosy professorship, and so died happily of good living.

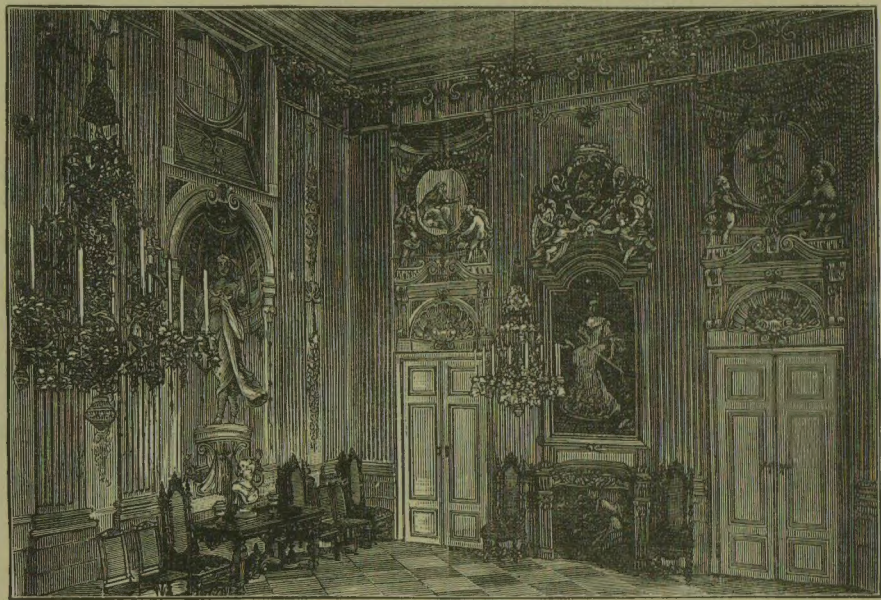
Such were my reflections as the train ricketed along in the Alpine valleys, the regular click of the wheels fitting in to any tune that the memory happened to suggest, except "God save the Queen," which is too slow for an express train, even when the train is running up the steep gradient to Airolo, where the stupendous zigzags and tunnels of the St. Gothard route begin to rise, terrace above terrace, winding in and out of the mountain, dashing over precipices and ravines, bounding under and over torrents, plunging through clouds, and revealing to the astonished spectator glimpses of wild scenery and of mountain villages that seem to be sticking their heels firmly into the slanting ground in order to avoid slipping down into a bottomless abyss, while they look anxiously behind them at the awful snow-slides still lingering on the higher slopes. Certainly the scenery of this Gothard route is most wonderful, and the construction of the track most interesting; but what a terrible country it is! What an existence to pass one's life amidst these mountains, ever in the presence of the image of primitive chaos! When we dwell in

towns or on plains, it is easy to forget that we are whirling in unfathomable space, carried away by a planet gravitating around the sun with prodigious rapidity. The houses of the towns and the cultivation of the fields hide the epiderm of the earth, and we are inclined to throw modern astronomy overboard, and to return to the more consolatory theories of Ptolemy, which made out our puny globe to be the centre of the universe. But these immense mountains, over which the train crawls like a microscopic caterpillar, remind us brutally that we men are mere parasites on the surface of this not over-solid planet, which has assumed its present aspect only after a thousand cosmogonic changes. And, in order still further to belittle man, we are told that the proudest peaks of the Alps correspond, on the skin of the earth, to the roughnesses on the rind of an orange, and that the valley and ravines and bottomless abysses were produced, in prehistoric ages, by a mere shudder of the planet. And yet, in the most frowning and terrible parts of the Alps you find *pensions*, and waiters in dress-coats, and frivolous young ladies with red parasols and alpenstocks. To my mind, the Alps and all the neighbouring country are terrifying: it looks as if you had arrived the day after some awful cataclysm, and the mournful torrents that fall from the heights are streams of tears bewailing the catastrophes of Nature. The whole country is out of proportion with man; humanity and its history have left there no traces and no souvenirs. Switzerland seems to me *embêtant*, as the French would say; or, in other words, oppressive, depressing, and stultifying.

Past Fluelen, Altdorf, the Rigi railway, Lucerne, and the following stations, the train did not speed fast enough for my desires. With delight I saw the Alps fading away in the distance, and becoming blue and softer in outline, and at last forming a pleasing background to the picture; and so, at eight o'clock in the evening, I found myself once more in a city of the plain, at Basel, where I determined to stay for a day or two to think matters over. For this operation the antique and excellent inn called The Three Kings offered



EBENTHAL CASTLE, NEAR VIENNA,  
RESIDENCE OF PRINCE FERDINAND OF COBURG.



MARBLE HALL IN EBENTHAL CASTLE,  
WHERE PRINCE FERDINAND ACCEPTED THE BULGARIAN CROWN.

every facility, and there I hired a room with a balcony overlooking the turbid Rhine, and devoted two days to eating good food and studying the manners and customs of the travelling Englishman, of his wife, and of his offspring. I also went bric-à-brac hunting and book hunting, but with small success; and, perhaps, the most sensible thing I did while at Basel was to go to the Museum and see the Holbein drawings and paintings.

One pleasant feature of the Basel Museum is that the guardians are women—young women who knit and do crochet-work as they walk up and down and keep their weather eye on the treasures. Here is a new career for girls. And how much pleasanter for the visitor would it be to feel that he was imbibing art under the eyes of youth and beauty instead of under the eyes of the usual crusty, bilious, and grotesquely-uniformed guardian. Holbein's drawings are admirable for their naïve grace and depth of sentiment; under his pencil the most ill-favoured countenances never become ugly; he seems to have been the friend of all his models, and to have known them for a long time. Nothing could be more audacious than Holbein's painted portraits on brilliant turquoise blue grounds or on pale olive-green. But, even in his painting, Holbein remains above all things a draughtsman, and with the delicate point of his attentive and faithful pencil he traces the finest lineaments of his model, those slight creases that mark the passage of life, and print a man's years around the eyes, the mouth, and the temples. With the meditative and serious, and sometimes almost sad, portraits of Holbein fresh in my eyes, I left the pleasant and decorous town of Basel, and the next morning I was in Paris. And so end for this year my "Holiday Rambles."

T. C.

The forty-second annual meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association, of which the Prince of Wales is patron, began at Denbigh on Monday, when a museum containing Welsh relics and valuable articles of historic interest, one of the finest collections ever witnessed in the principality, was opened at the Countyhall. At a meeting of the general committee in the Townhall council-chamber, Major C. S. Mainwaring was elected president for the year, and subsequently gave the opening address. On Tuesday excursions were made to the ruins of Denbigh Castle, the Burgess Tower and walls, the ancient church of St. Hilary, and Leicester church. An inspection was afterwards made of the museum newly fitted up in connection with the association, the collection of historical relics and old manuscripts being some of the largest and most valuable ever seen in the principality. Drives were also taken to Whitchurch Abbey, Llandrynog church, and Penycelodan camp; after which papers were read on Welsh hut-dwellings and other subjects. Lieutenant-Colonel Mainwaring presided. Mr. Stephen Williams gave an interesting account of his recent explorations at Strata Florida Abbey. The Rev. Trevor Owen, the general secretary, in presenting his report, said that at the last annual meeting a small grant was made to Mr. Stephen Williams, of Rhayader, in order that he might trace out the ground plan of the abbey church at Strata Florida, and the results of his well-directed explorations had already been so encouraging that it was proposed that the association should undertake the entire clearing out of this, the greatest abbey in Wales.

## PRINCE FERDINAND IN BULGARIA.

The bold proceedings of Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, and his equivocal position as a candidate elected for the throne of the Bulgarian Principality, but not having yet got his election confirmed by the Sultan of Turkey, or approved by the European Powers which signed the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, who has nevertheless ventured to assume the actual government of that State, give much anxiety to diplomatists and to Sovereigns who wish to preserve peace. A portrait and memoir of this young Prince, who is an Austrian subject and a Roman Catholic, hitherto residing on the estates of his Hungarian maternal ancestors at Ebenthal, not far from Vienna, has appeared in our Journal. We now present a view of Ebenthal Castle, and one of the room in which he received the deputation from the Sobranje, or Bulgarian National Assembly, offering him the crown, which he, after a few days' consideration, agreed to accept, having first resigned his commission as an officer in the Austrian Army. It is understood that the Emperor of Austria declined to sanction this step, which has apparently been taken by the Prince on his own responsibility, and at his own risk.

His journey to Bulgaria, going down the Danube in a steam-boat, accompanied by M. Nathevitich, the Foreign Minister of the Bulgarian Provisional Government, who had gone to Hungary to fetch him, and by his own "Court Marshal," aides-de-camp, and personal staff and suite, was watched with some interest, and was conducted with much ceremony after the 11th inst., when he left the Hungarian territory at Orsova. The steam-boat Orient, belonging to the Danube Navigation Company, hoisting the Bulgarian flag, took the Prince on board at that place, and passed down the river, travelling rather slowly. Below the mouth of the Timok river, which forms the western frontier of Bulgaria, the Government yacht hove in sight, gaily decked with flags, and having on board a military band, playing the Bulgarian National Anthem. On coming alongside, the Regents, MM. Stambuloff, Mutkuroff, and Grecoff, with MM. Stoiloff, Stransky, Petroff, and Tchomakoff, the Governor of Sofia and other notables, came on board and paid homage to their new Prince, who received them graciously, addressing a few words to each. M. Stambuloff then read an address, to which the Prince briefly replied.

Widdin was reached at six o'clock, and here the Prince, on first touching Bulgarian soil, had an enthusiastic reception. Before resuming his journey he telegraphed to the Bulgarian representatives abroad, requesting them to inform the Great Powers of his arrival in Bulgaria, and expressing the hope that all would unite in confirming the unanimous choice of the people. The journey down the river was uneventful. The Prince passed Sistova, and proceeded to Rustchuk without stopping; but he landed at Rustchuk, saluted by the guns of the fortress, and was received with cheers by the soldiers of the garrison, the bands playing the National Anthem, ladies strewing flowers in his path, and children singing patriotic hymns. The Prince held a reception of the municipal authorities, clergy, and military officers at Rustchuk, and slept at night on board the Government yacht Alexander. Next morning, Saturday, the 18th inst., he returned up the river to Sistova, where he was

greeted by the Prefect and local officials, and by the clergy, with loyal and patriotic addresses. From Sistova, the Prince travelled by land, on the same day, to Tirnova, the capital of Bulgaria, which he reached at nine in the evening, and was enthusiastically welcomed by the people thronging the streets. Next morning, Sunday, he attended a grand thanksgiving service and *Te Deum* at the Cathedral; after which his Highness, accompanied by a brilliant escort of military officers, civil functionaries, and mounted gendarmes, repaired to the hall where the Great Sobranje was sitting. His entrance was hailed with prolonged cheering. The Metropolitan Archbishop, having delivered a short address, administered the oath to the Prince, who then signed the Constitution. M. Stoiloff, in the name of the Prince, read his Highness's proclamation, which was in the following style:—"We, Ferdinand I., by the grace of God and the will of the people, Prince of Bulgaria;" and declared that, "in ascending the throne of the famous Bulgarian Czars," thanking the people, the Regents, and the Ministers for their wise and patriotic conduct, he felt perfectly convinced that they and their brave army would rally around him; ending with the words, "Long live free and independent Bulgaria." Archbishop Clement delivered a speech, in which he said that there was every reason to hope that Prince Ferdinand would find means for a reconciliation with "Liberating Russia."

The Prince was at Philippopolis, in Eastern Roumelia, on Monday last, and next day was at Sofia, where he met with an enthusiastic reception; he attended another thanksgiving service at the Cathedral there, and heard another speech of the Metropolitan Clement, who said the Bulgarian people were grateful to Russia for her immense sacrifices, to which they owed their liberty; and, in the evening, there was a torchlight procession, with fireworks and illuminations.

The Russian Government has intimated, in a circular Note to the Powers, that it declines to recognise the legality of the election of Prince Ferdinand or his position in Bulgaria. It is rumoured that a joint Russian and Turkish military occupation of Bulgaria has been proposed, but has been declined by the Sultan.

The following gentlemen, who competed at the examination recently held at Burlington House for appointment as surgeon in the Royal Navy have been granted commissions:—James Bradley, George Hewlett, George Alex. Waters, William G. Stott, C. S. Woodwright, Michael O'Brien, Jonathan Shand, and W. A. Whitelegge.

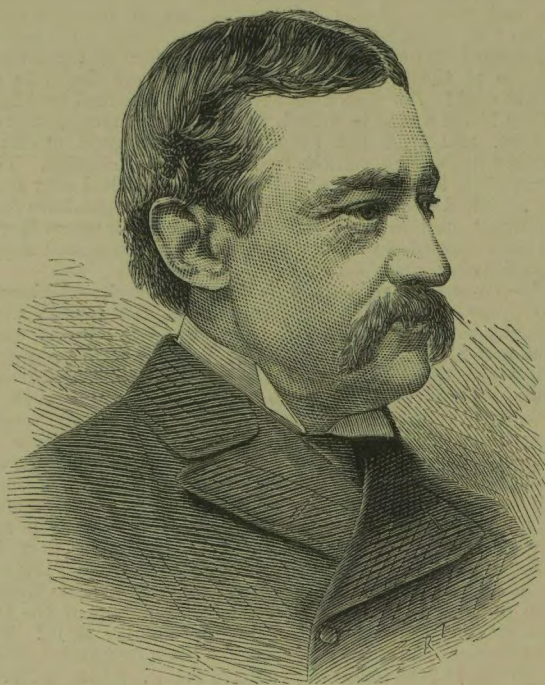
The Cambridge University Calendar for 1887, just issued, yields the following statistics:—The total number of members of the University whose names are retained on the college boards is 12,546. Of these, 6,527 are members of the Senate—that is, have taken the degree of M.A.; 3,040 are graduates under the status of M.A.; and 2,979 are undergraduates. As compared with the corresponding period in 1886, there is an increase of forty-two graduates under the status of M.A., a decrease of six members of the Senate, and an increase of eighty-five undergraduates, thus making a total increase of 121. The total number of matriculations during the past academical year was 1,012, while in the preceding year the number was 950, showing an increase of sixty-two.



## SIR HOWARD GRUBB, F.R.S.

The Queen has conferred the honour of knighthood on a gentleman of Dublin whose scientific and mechanical achievements are known all over the world, and who has rendered the greatest services to astronomy by constructing the most powerful telescopes yet furnished to any of the existing observatories. Sir Howard Grubb, born at Dublin in 1814, was the youngest son of the late Mr. Thomas Grubb, F.R.S., an eminent engineer, who invented for the Bank of Ireland some useful improvements of the apparatus for printing and numbering bank-notes, among his other occupations; and who afterwards commenced, at first rather as a "hobby," the making of optical instruments. The son was early sent to Trinity College, Dublin; but his father, perceiving in him a strong taste and singular aptitude for scientific work of the kind just mentioned, and being disposed to engage in the manufacture of telescopes on a large scale, allowed Howard Grubb soon to devote himself entirely to it, after passing through the School of Engineering at Dublin University. Mr. Thomas Grubb having taken the contract for the construction of the great reflecting telescope for the Observatory at Melbourne, Australia, his son was for some time closely employed on that work. It was achieved with remarkable success; and the University of Dublin, in 1876, conferred on Mr. Howard Grubb, *honoris causa*, the degree of Master of Engineering. He also constructed the eight-inch refractor, now in the Observatory of the Queen's College at Cork, but which beautiful instrument excited the admiration of foreign astronomers at the Paris Exhibition of 1877. This led to Mr. Howard Grubb being entrusted with the greatest work of its kind ever attempted, that of manufacturing the twenty-seven-inch refractor to be erected at the new Imperial Observatory of Vienna. The work, one of unexampled difficulty, was successfully completed about six years ago, when the construction and capabilities of the huge telescope were minutely examined by a Commission of eminent astronomers, appointed by the Austrian Government, who reported their complete satisfaction with the results. In 1881, Mr. Howard Grubb was awarded the Cunningham medal of the Royal Irish Academy, which is a very high distinction; and Sir Robert Kane, F.R.S., then President, in his speech on that occasion, expressed fully and warmly his sense of the merits of Mr. Howard Grubb's performances, referring also to a valuable memoir written by him, on "The Great Telescopes of the Future." He had been, since 1870, an elected Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, and was also, from 1872, an honorary member of the Royal Institute of Civil Engineers of Ireland. In 1882, the Royal Institute of Civil Engineers, London, elected him an honorary member; and in 1883 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. Sir Howard Grubb is one of the Council of the Royal Dublin Society, and one of the Board of Visitors of the Museum of Science and Art. His great manufacturing establishment has supplied optical instruments or apparatus to the observatories of Germany, Austria, Russia, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Turkey, America, the British Colonies, India, and China, as well as many at home. In London, it will be remembered, he delivered last year a course of lectures at the Royal Institution on subjects connected with optical science.

The Portrait of Sir Howard Grubb is from a photograph by Messrs. Werner and Son, Grafton-street, Dublin.



SIR HOWARD GRUBB, F.R.S.,

THE GREAT ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE CONSTRUCTOR, DUBLIN.

## BURNING OF AN ATLANTIC STEAM-SHIP.

The steam-ship *City of Montreal*, of the Inman Line, was destroyed by fire on the 10th inst., 400 miles off the coast of Newfoundland, on her way from New York to Liverpool. She had on board twenty-seven second-class and 126 steerage passengers, and a general cargo; and her crew, with the officers, numbered ninety-four. All went well till the 10th inst., at nine p.m., when fire was discovered amongst the cargo of cotton. The fire hoses were instantly connected, fire annihilators and hand grenades were freely used, and every effort was made to extinguish the flames, but without success. The fire spread to such an extent, in the upper and lower 'tween decks, that the captain saw that the ship was doomed to destruction. From the outbreak of the fire preparations were made to lower the boats, and to furnish them with provisions. At six o'clock on the morning of the 11th, the flames burst out of one of the after-hatches, and then the boats were lowered. The sea was high, and it was

with much difficulty they were safely got into the water. All the women and children were first put into them, and the male portion of the passengers and crew afterwards. All the boats had got safely away, when it was found that, by some oversight, about twenty people had been left on board. No. 3 boat thereupon returned, and took off six; and No. 5, with the fourth officer, took another six. At this time a barque was seen coming towards them; on her arrival, the boats put all their people on board her, and returned for those left behind on the burning steamer. One boat was missing—No. 8—and she was seen to put herself before the wind when she left the steamer, and to run away from the burning vessel, in disobedience to the captain's orders. All that night was spent on the barque, which was a German vessel, bound from Charleston to London, with a cargo of turpentine. On the following morning, the steamer *York City*, of the Furness Line, from Baltimore, bound for London, which had been standing by the barque in the night, came close; and, with the aid of the boats of the *City of Montreal*, all the crew and passengers were soon transferred to her. The burning vessel was lost sight of at 4 a.m. on the 12th, and the *York City* proceeded direct for Queenstown, having in vain tried to find the missing boat. Although these efforts proved unsuccessful, it was hoped that those on the missing boat had been picked up, the accident having occurred in the track of steamers passing east and west. The smoke and heat affected the eyes of the captain, chief officer, bar-keeper, and those who were trying to put the fire out, rendering all blind for some time. In fact, the chief officer was led quite blind, and in great pain, off the burning ship, and did not recover his sight for two days. All are said to have behaved well under the circumstances, the passengers being cool and obedient and the crew steady; though all had to be done in a dense and blinding smoke and a high sea, there was no casualty attending the rescue. The passengers and crew lost everything they possessed except what they stood in. The origin of the fire is unknown; but the captain believes that it broke out in more than one place amongst the cotton. The steamer *York City* having transferred the crew and passengers of the ill-fated *City of Montreal* to the Inman Company's tender off Queenstown, she proceeded direct to London. The passengers have drawn up an address, which they have presented to Captain Land and the officers of the *City of Montreal*, stating and commenting on the circumstances, and concluding: "We not only exonerate the captain and officers from any blame, but we bear testimony that they did all that men could possibly do in the most trying situation, and notwithstanding much personal suffering."

The *City of Montreal* was built for the old Inman Company in 1872 by Messrs. Tod and Macgregor, of Glasgow. She was 2941 tons net, and 4496 gross tonnage, 419 ft. long, 44 beam, and 600 horse-power.

The missing boat No. 8 contained the following passengers:—Samuel Kaufman, George Arnott, and James McKee, Kerward Woolton, Stephen Tupper, Simon Kowelsky, and S. Kachumeki; and six seamen—Henry Frazer, Charles Riddle, William Franey, Patrick Hughes (trimmer), Charles Smith (interpreter), and Thomas Wilberforce.

Our Illustrations of the disaster are from sketches by Mr. George Moffat, carpenter on board the *City of Montreal*. An account of the manner in which it happened is given by the Rev. J. M. Donaldson, one of the passengers, in the daily papers.



1. The Ship at Eleven a.m., August 11.

2. The Last of the Burning Ship.

BURNING OF THE STEAM-SHIP CITY OF MONTREAL ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.  
FROM SKETCHES BY THE SHIP'S CARPENTER, GEORGE MOFFAT.





BURNING OF THE STEAM-SHIP CITY OF MONTREAL ON THE ATLANTIC OCEAN: THE MAINMAST GOING, TWO P.M., AUGUST 11.  
FROM SKETCHES BY THE SHIP'S CARPENTER, GEORGE MOFFAT.



## THE COURT.

Her Majesty, who is in excellent health, left Osborne for Balmoral on Wednesday evening. The Crown Princess of Germany visited the Queen on Thursday week. On the same day her Majesty received the Nawab Salar Jung, and afterwards held an Investiture of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire. Her Majesty was accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg. Lord and Lady Colville and the Rev. Canon and Mrs. Protheroe had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family; and Major Forrester Walker and Lieutenant H. F. Pakenham were presented to her Majesty in the evening. On Friday, her Majesty received several deputations, including one from the women of Maclesfield, who presented an address of congratulation and an embroidered silk counterpane as a Jubilee offering; one from the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, which presented an address and a Jubilee offering, consisting of a collection of seventy-five water-colour drawings executed by members and associates of the institute; and one from the inhabitants of Ilfracombe, with a presentation consisting of an album of photographs of the town and neighbourhood, all of which were graciously accepted by the Queen. Vice-Admiral Sir William Hewett, K.C.B., V.C., and Lieutenant-General Sir George Willis, K.C.B., had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. The Queen and Crown Princess of Germany, Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princesses Irene and Alice of Hesse, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service on Sunday morning. The Rev. Arthur Peile, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen and Vicar of Holy Trinity, Ventnor, officiated. Princess Victoria of Prussia dined with the Queen. Countess Perponcher (Lady-in-Waiting to the Crown Princess of Germany), the German Ambassador, and Sir William Jenner had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family. The Crown Princess of Germany and their Royal Highnesses Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, visited the Queen on Monday and remained to luncheon. Mr. Frank H. Collier, of Chicago, U.S.A., presented an address from the people of Chicago of British birth or parentage, congratulating her Majesty on the completion of the fiftieth year of her reign. The Crown Princess of Germany was present with her Majesty. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the infant Prince Alexander, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Margaret of Prussia and Princess Alice of Hesse, went round the island in her Majesty's yacht *Alberta*. The Crown Princess of Germany and Princess Sophie of Prussia visited her Majesty in the afternoon. The Queen has conferred the decoration of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India upon Princess Louise of Wales and Princess Victoria of Wales.—Her Majesty has decided that the surplus of the Women's Jubilee Offering shall be devoted to the benefit of nurses and nursing establishments, and has requested a committee to advise her on the best mode of giving effect to this intention.

The Crown Prince of Germany attended Divine service in the Scotch Established Church at Braemar on Sunday morning, and at the Episcopal Church in the evening. Dr. Morell Mackenzie arrived at Braemar on Monday. His Imperial Highness has written to Professor Virchow, announcing a continued improvement, and thanking the renowned pathologist for his investigations into the character of his Imperial Highness's malady. The Crown Princess, accompanied by her daughter Princess Victoria, crossed from Cowes to Portsmouth, on Monday, in the Royal yacht *Alberta*, and paid a visit to the Sailors' Rest at Landport. Her Imperial Highness expressed her great satisfaction with the sleeping-cabins and their extreme cleanliness, and intimated that she would have great pleasure in presenting a cabin in perpetuity to the institution as a memento of her visit. The Royal party signed their names in the visitors' book.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Portugal are still staying with the Count and Countess de Paris, at Loch Kennard Lodge, Perthshire.—The Duchess of Edinburgh, with Prince Alfred and the Princesses of Edinburgh, left Clarence House last week for Coburg.—The Duke of Connaught embarked at Brindisi on Monday morning for India.—Princess Louise, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, unveiled at Winchester, last week, a bronze statue of the Queen, which has been erected in front of Castle-hill, and facing the great hall of Henry III. The statue is the gift of the High Sheriff. Her Royal Highness, who had a most hearty reception, was escorted by a detachment of Scots Greys. After the ceremony an Address was presented to the Princess from the Corporation. A luncheon followed, over which the Marquis of Lorne presided.—Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein honoured General and Mrs. Crutchley by their presence on Wednesday week at the marriage of their youngest daughter, Miss Alice Mary Crutchley, to Mr. Henry Lloyd Gibbs. The Prince and his daughters, Princesses Victoria and Louise, were present at the cricket-match between "Windsor Home Park" and "Mr. H. F. De Paravicini's Team," which took place yesterday week in Windsor Home Park. Prince Christian Victor played for the visitors, and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein for the home selection. Princess Christian left Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, on Thursday evening for Hamburg. Her Royal Highness will remain a few weeks on the Continent. Prince Christian goes to Darmstadt early next month.—Last week the Duchess of Albany inspected, at the Marlborough Gallery, Mr. George Saul's semi-colossal statue of Aristodemus, and was much pleased with the work. Her Royal Highness went on Thursday week to the Albert Chapel, Windsor Castle, where a short service was held near the tomb of the late Prince Leopold, the Dean of Windsor officiating. The Duchess left Windsor next day for the Continent. Her Royal Highness, with her children and suite, arrived on Saturday, in the yacht *Victoria* and *Albert*, at Rotterdam. They proceeded immediately by special train to Baarn, where the Queen of the Netherlands, the Duchess's sister, received her, and then drove to Castle Soestdijk, where the Duchess will stay for a few weeks.—The Count and Countess de Paris have a party of guests staying with them at the Count's shooting quarters at Loch Kennard and Moness. The Count and his friends bagged 250 brace of grouse and other game on their first day's shooting.—His Excellency the Belgian Minister and Baroness De Solvyns left Grosvenor-gardens yesterday week for Eastbourne, where they purpose passing several weeks.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen entertained their tenantry to a garden-party at Haddo House on Thursday week, when his Lordship gave an account of his experiences during his recent tour round the world. He mentioned the various places at which, during his tour, he had made a call, and stated that the land-question in Australia, as-at-home, formed a prominent topic. Speaking of his relations with his own tenantry, Lord Aberdeen said he proposed in future to deal with any applications by tenants for a revaluation of their farms on the particular merits of the application. Since he succeeded to the estates in 1870 he had spent on their improvement and embellishment £200,000, and during the last ten years he had spent on agricultural improvements alone £92,000. He took the present opportunity of stating that next year he would not lay out more than £2000, and that, in view of the unfavourable

nature of the crops of last year and other circumstances, all the tenants except those under the revaluation this year would be credited with a reduction of 10 per cent.

At the Viceroyal Lodge, Dublin, on Monday afternoon, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland conferred the honour of knighthood on the following gentlemen:—Mr. James Haslett, Mayor of Belfast; Mr. Thomas Lecky, Mayor of Londonderry; Alderman George Moyers and Alderman Henry Cochrane, of Dublin; Mr. James Spaight, Limerick; Mr. Patrick Maxwell, President of the Incorporated Law Society; Mr. Robert Herron, Chairman of the Kingstown Township Commissioners; and Mr. Howard Grubb, telescope manufacturer. His Excellency afterwards entertained the new Knights at luncheon.

## FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

The marriage of the Hon. Douglas Tollemache, son of Lord Tollemache, of Helmingham, with Alice Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Head, took place on the 17th inst., in St. James's Church, Piccadilly. Mr. Arthur F. C. Tollemache acted as best man, and the bridesmaids were Miss Edith and Miss Muriel Head, the bride's sisters; the bride being given away by her mother.

The marriage of the Hon. Geoffrey Nicholas Dawnay (Yorkshire Hussars), sixth son of the late Viscount Downe, and Miss Janie Bulteel, daughter of Mr. John Bulteel, of Pamflete, Devon, was celebrated in the parish church of All Saints, Holbeton, Devon, on Thursday week. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. T. E. Pilkington, the King's Royal Rifle Corps, as best man. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a costume of ivory satin duchesse, draped with point de Flandre, and trimmed with sprays of orange-blossom, tulle veil, and pearl and diamond ornaments. There were six bridesmaids, and the service was fully choral, the Hon. John Baring presiding at the organ.

The marriage of Mr. G. De Trafford, late of the Royal Fusiliers, to Miss Cecile De Staurope, only daughter of the late Count Hubert De Staurope, was solemnised last Saturday at the Oratory, Brompton, before a fashionable congregation. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Emmaus, assisted by the Rev. Father Rowe. The bride, who was conducted to the altar by her uncle, Sir Francis Stapleton, wore a costume of ivory duchesse satin, draped with Brussels lace, tulle veil, surmounted by a spray of orange-blossom and fastened to the hair by three diamond stars. There were eight bridesmaids, who were attired in gowns of soft china silk, trimmed with gauze, tulle veils, and feather aigrettes. Each wore a brooch or bangle with the initial "C" in diamonds, the gift of the bridegroom. Major Tottenham, of the Royal Fusiliers, acted as best man.

In St. Mark's Church, North Audley-street, Grosvenor-square, on Tuesday afternoon, Mr. W. F. G. Guise, eldest son of Sir William Vernon Guise, Bart., of Elmore Court, Gloucester, was married to Miss Ada Coope, second daughter of the late Mr. Octavius Coope, M.P., of The Rochetts, near Brentwood, Essex. The bridegroom was accompanied by his brother, Mr. Christopher Dering Guise, as best man. The bridesmaids were Misses Margaret, Georgina, and Lily Guise, sisters of the bridegroom; Miss Beatrice Gambier Parry, Miss Rose Sperling, and Miss Marjory and Miss Pleasance Ruggles Brise, nieces of the bride, Miss Evelyn Phipps, and Miss Winifred Hubbard; and in the bridal train were two little pages, Masters Charles and Maurice Ponsonby, nephews of the bride. Each of the bridesmaids wore a brooch with W. A. in pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride's dress was of white *crêpe de chène* and satin train, and beautiful Brussels lace veil, caught up with a diamond crescent, the bridegroom's gift. The Bishop of St. Albans officiated, the bride being given away by her uncle. The wedding presents were very numerous.

## ARCHERY.

Mr. G. Knowles, for the third successive year, has won the Challenge Cup of the North Ribblesdale Archers, and now retains it as his property. The National round was shot by ladies, of whom twenty-six competed with eight gentlemen; Mrs. Hibbert scored 287, Mrs. Ainsworth 285, and Dr. Edgar 231, and Mr. E. Sharp 331 (York round).

A match was shot between the North Lonsdale Club and North Ribblesdale (eight a side), and the former club won.

At the Raglan Club meeting the competitors, including Lady Harborton, Lady Fitzmayer, and the Hon. A. Hanbury, Miss Steel (339), and Mr. Hanbury (273) took prizes for score, and Miss B. Bagnall Oakeley and Captain E. M. Allen for hits, the strangers' prize being won by Lady Fitzmayer. The champion badge for highest score during the season was awarded to Miss Steel.

Sennowe Hall, the seat of Mr. Exshaw, was the scene of the Fakenham and Dereham Club meeting, prizes for highest scores being taken by Miss Norgate and Mr. J. Rogers.

The Worcestershire Archery Society had a delightful place of meeting for their concluding match—namely, Wynchbold Hall, near Droitwich, the residence of Mr. R. H. Amphlett. Mr. E. W. Villiers won the Gentlemen's Challenge Prize and Mrs. Gilmour the Ladies' Challenge Vase.

## SCIENCE AND ART SCHOLARSHIPS.

The candidates who were successful in the recent competition for the Whitworth Scholarships were as follows:—J. Whitaker, Burnley, £200. The following £150 each:—John Calder, Glasgow; John Smith, Belfast; N. K. Turnbull, Glasgow; J. C. Talbot, Southampton; Arthur F. Horne, Moreton-in-Marsh; Edward J. Duff, Glasgow; R. N. Blackburn, Liverpool; W. Thomson, Glasgow. The following £100 each:—W. W. F. Pullen, Cardiff; Edwin Griffith, Glasgow; F. C. Tipler, Crewe; T. H. M. Bonell, Swindon; R. Redding, Plumstead, and A. W. Sisson, Lincoln, equal; A. Abbott, Great Yarmouth; G. Hough, Wolverton; H. G. Christ, London; H. D. Griffiths, Cardiff; D. Young, Edinburgh; B. G. Oxford, Liverpool; B. H. Crookes, Liverpool; George J. Wells, London; J. Eustice, Camborne; A. H. H. Bratt, Plumstead.

The following were the successful candidates for Royal Exhibitions, National Scholarships, and Free Studentships in the Department of Science and Art:—G. Marshall, Glasgow, Exhibition; S. H. Studley, Bradford, Scholarship; D. Wilkinson, Preston, Scholarship; Sydney Wood, Bradford, Scholarship; W. S. Jarratt, Bradford, Scholarship; G. N. Huntly, Richmond, Scholarship; Henry Stanton, Bristol, Scholarship; S. W. J. Smith, Newcastle, Scholarship; F. W. Jones, Nottingham, Scholarship; John Smith, Belfast, Scholarship; W. G. Robson, Newcastle, Scholarship; E. G. Coker, Wolverton, Scholarship; H. C. Riley, Manchester, Scholarship; F. W. Dunn, Bristol, Exhibition; J. Marshall, Sheffield, Exhibition; S. Parrish, Manchester, Exhibition; J. Holden, Todmorden, Exhibition; M. T. M. Ormsby, London, Exhibition; S. Pickford, Stockport, Exhibition; A. W. Widdop, Bradford, Studentship; G. W. Moreton, Crewe, Studentship; J. B. Jaquet, London, Studentship; M. Roberts, Bradford, Studentship; H. H. Balme, Halifax, Studentship; G. J. Wells, London, Studentship.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

M. Rouvier, the French Premier, left Paris on Tuesday night for a brief holiday. President Grévy has rejected an appeal on behalf of the convict Pranzini.

From Madrid we learn that an official decree was published on Tuesday annulling the appointment of General Salamanca as Governor of Cuba.

The Portuguese Council of State submitted for the King's approval last Saturday the laws last voted by the Cortes, including the financial measures, by means of which the Government hopes to reduce the expenditure, and to increase the revenue of the country to the extent of 20,000,000*f*. These measures are the Tobacco Monopoly, the new Customs Tariff, the establishment of a bank for the issue of notes, the conversion of the Three-per-Cent Exterior Debt, and a reformed system of collecting the direct taxes.

A great international competition of sciences and industry, under the patronage of the King of the Belgians and the presidency of the Count of Flanders, will take place at Brussels next year. The object of the gathering is to show what kind of work can be turned out by workmen with their tools, many of them of the plainest description.—The Brussels Museum has acquired another Rubens, representing Diana and her followers boar-hunting at sunset. The picture is well preserved.—The Royal Belgian Botanical Society, whose scientific labours have been highly productive, has celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation.—The new Antwerp Commercial, Industrial, and Ethnographical Museum was opened on Sunday.—One of the ornamental fountains which the English Waterworks Company in the Grande Place, Antwerp, has presented to the town was unveiled on the same day in the presence of the local authorities. It is the work of the Belgian sculptor, Jef Lambeaux, and represents the history of Antigonus.

On Monday the Flemish Congress assembled at Bruges. Speeches were delivered by about twenty delegates, who advocated the use of the Flemish tongue in the various branches of education in Flanders. It was also urged that the lectures on criminal law in the Universities of Ghent, Brussels, and Louvain should henceforward be given in Flemish; that in the administrative departments in Flanders no official should be appointed who did not know the language of the country; and, finally, that during the next Parliamentary session a Bill should be voted by the Chamber providing for a course of instruction in Flemish at the Military College.

The German Emperor has recovered from the cold which he caught some days ago, and he transacts State business as usual.—The distribution of colours to the new regiments took place on the 18th in the Marble Hall of the Royal palace. The Emperor was prevented from being present by indisposition, and was represented by Prince William. The Empress and all the members of the Imperial family, as well as the general officers of the army, were also present.—Nearly 2000 members of the German Warriors' Associations from Saxony, Hamburg, and Schleswig-Holstein visited the battle-fields in the neighbourhood of Metz, on the 18th inst., and placed wreaths upon the soldiers' graves.

The Czar and the members of the Imperial family left Cronstadt last Tuesday on a visit to the Danish Court at Copenhagen.

From all accounts, the observations of the total solar eclipse, by both scientists and amateurs, with one or two trifling exceptions, were almost complete failures in European Russia, and only successful in Siberia.

The Queen's Jubilee was celebrated at Accra, on the Gold Coast, amid demonstrations of great enthusiasm and loyalty. Sixteen native companies, numbering about 5000 men, paraded before Administrator White at Victoriaborg with flags and war-drums, and fired a *feu de joie*. Athletic sports followed, and the celebrations closed with a banquet given by his Excellency.

The public accounts of the Dominion of Canada for the financial year ending June 30 are so far adjusted as to show that a surplus is assured.

A despatch from Lima states that the Peruvian Cabinet has resigned, and that a new Ministry has been formed, Señor Mariano Alvarez being Premier and Minister of Finance.

The Jubilee yacht-races for the Nova Scotia Squadron's Cup and the 1000*dols*. Jubilee Cup were decided at Halifax last Saturday. The English cutter *Galatea* carried off the honours in both events, badly defeating the American schooner *Dauntless*.—Harvesting has begun in all parts of Manitoba. The wheat is in excellent condition, and there is a very large crop.

The tract of land which lies between Brazil and French Guiana, and which was a no-man's land, has been declared by its inhabitants an independent country. The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* says:—"The Republic of Counani, as it is called, is 24,000 miles in extent, the coast line is 187 miles long, and the population is 700 persons, one-half of whom dwell at Counani, the capital, in thirty-five houses. The bulk of these are descendants of Maroons, or slave refugees from Brazil."

The Ghilzais, who, it was reported last week, had achieved a great victory over the troops of the Ameer, are now said to be fleeing from the foe they were thought to have vanquished. It is believed at Simla that the rebellion has been quelled.

In presenting the annual Budget for South Australia to the House of Assembly, the Treasurer congratulated the members on the flourishing state of the colony, and estimated a small surplus of revenue over expenditure for the coming year.

Mr. W. Parke, of Drumsna, Ireland, writes to the *Times* to say that he has just received a letter from his son, Surgeon Thomas H. Parke, A.M.S., who is the only doctor accompanying Mr. Stanley's expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, dated Aruwimi River, June 20, 1887, stating that Mr. Stanley and the European officers accompanying him are all quite well. Mr. Stanley was then forming an intrenched camp, two days' journey up the river, whence, after eight days for arrangements, they were to make a forced march of 400 miles of difficult unexplored country to Wadelai, to meet Emin Pasha.

Mr. Ellis Lever has offered to place in the Home Secretary's hands £1000, to be awarded in two premiums of £500 each, one for the best method of safe blasting in coal-mines without the use of gunpowder, and the other for a perfectly safe system of electric lighting in mines.

The second annual flower show and conference in connection with the various co-operative societies took place on Tuesday in the conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Society attached to the Albert Hall. There was a valuable prize list, and the entries were numerous and excellent. During the afternoon a conference on the subject of "Co-operative Allotments" was held in the Quadrant, under the presidency of Mr. J. Greenwood, when Mr. Owen Greening, the chairman of the association, read a paper on the "Possibilities of Co-operative Allotments and Associated Gardens."



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish Probate, granted at Mullingar, of the will (dated Nov. 27, 1879), with two codicils (dated Aug. 7, 1884, and Aug. 30, 1886), of General the Right Hon. William Lygon, Earl of Longford, C.B., Knight of the Legion of Honour, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Longford, and D.L., and J.P. for Westmeath, from 1866 to 1868 Under-Secretary of State for the War Department, late of Pakenham Hall, in the county of Westmeath, who died on April 19 last, at No. 24, Bruton-street, to Admiral the Hon. Thomas Alexander Pakenham, the brother, James Robert Stewart, jun., and Thomas Pakenham Law, Q.C., the executors, was resealed in London on the 11th inst., the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £130,000. The testator gives £200 to each of his executors; £1000, his leasehold residence in Bruton-street, with the stables, and all the furniture, plate, linen, china, glass, and articles and things therein to his wife, the Countess of Longford; all his Irish New £3 per Cent Annuities equally to his daughters who shall live to attain twenty-one, or marry under that age with the consent of her guardian; and his charge of £12,000 on the Cookesborough estate, in the county of Westmeath, to his son, the Hon. Edward Michael Pakenham. The gifts to his said son and to his daughters are to be in addition to their interest under the settlements executed prior to his marriage. He appoints his wife guardian of his children during their respective minorities. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his eldest son, who has succeeded to the title.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of the Right Hon. Francis George, Baron Churchill, J.P., D.L., D.C.L., late of Combury Park, Charlbury, Oxfordshire, who died on Nov. 24 last, at No. 32, Albemarle-street, without leaving any will, were granted on the 12th inst. to the Right Hon. Victor Albert Francis, Lord Churchill, the son, and only next of kin, the value of the personal estate exceeding £9900.

The will (dated April 23, 1880), with a codicil (dated Feb. 3, 1885), of Sir Peter Van Notten Pole, Bart., formerly of No. 6, Upper Harley-street, and late of Todenham House, Gloucestershire, who died on May 13 last, was proved on the 17th inst. by Dame Louisa Van Notten Pole, the widow, and Willoughby Breare Still Rackham, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £8900. The testator devises a message at Sutton-under-Brailes to go with the settled family estate in Gloucestershire and Warwickshire; and leaves certain of his furniture, plate, diamonds, and effects to be made heirlooms to go with the baronetcy of Van Notten Pole. He also bequeaths £100 to Mr. W. B. S. Rackham as a mark of his esteem. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1880) of Mrs. Matilda Pole, formerly of Over Swell, Stow-in-the-Wold, Gloucestershire, but late of Farncombe Place, Godalming, Surrey, who died on March 25 last, was proved on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Watson Buller Van Notten Pole, the husband, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £23,000. The testatrix, out of the trust funds under her marriage settlement, leaves £50 to her god-daughter; and the remainder thereof, upon trust, for her husband, for life. At his death, she gives £3000 thereof to the six children of her nephew Edward Albert Pole; one fourth of the residue to the children of her nephew Cecil Charles Pole; one fourth between her nephew and niece Reginald Edward Pole and Louisa Elizabeth Pole; one fourth, upon trust, for her sister, Maria, Dowager Countess of Winterton, for life, and then for her children, except her eldest son and her daughter, Lady Georgiana Field; and one fourth between her nephew and niece Thomas Swettenham and Mrs. Blanche Antonia Bishopp. The residue of the property over which she has a power of disposition, she leaves to the children of her said nephew Cecil Charles Pole, except his eldest son, Cecil Pery.

The will (dated May 13, 1880) of Mr. Charles Cave, formerly of No. 64, Mincing-lane, and of Cadogan-place, Chelsea, and late a member of the firm of Messrs. Prescott, Cave, and Co., of No. 62, Threadneedle-street, and of No. 23, Lowndes-street, Belgrave-square, merchant and banker, who died on June 10 last, was proved on the 22nd inst. by Lawrence Trent Cave, the son, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £613,000. The testator bequeaths legacies to relatives, partners, the manager of his banking firm, the Christmas fund for division among the clerks of his said firm, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate, including specially his plantations in the Island of Barbadoes, he gives to his said son.

The will (dated Feb. 25, 1886) of the late Mr. Charles Jacob, of Springfield, Upper Clapton, and of No. 61, Moorgate-street, woolbroker, who died on the 1st inst., was proved on the 24th inst., at the principal registry, by the four executors therein named—viz., Frederick Charles Jacob and Reginald Benson Jacob, the testator's sons, and the Rev. Charles Alfred Samuel Nicoll and George Ernest Tabor, the testator's sons-in-law. The testator, in addition to the provisions made for her on his marriage, gives to his widow all his household furniture and effects absolutely, and also the rents of his freehold house, 61, Moorgate-street, for her life, and he directs that the trust funds comprised in his marriage settlement shall, on the death of his widow, be divided amongst his surviving children and grandchildren. After making numerous bequests to relatives and friends, he devises his freehold house in Moorgate-street, subject to his widow's life interest therein, to his two surviving sons, in equal shares, absolutely. The testator settles his freehold property known as Springfield, Upper Clapton, upon trust, for the benefit of his daughter Mrs. Nicoll. The testator, after giving £20,000, upon trust, for his two unmarried daughters, leaves the residue of his real and personal estate to his trustees for the benefit of his children and grandchildren, in certain shares. The personal estate (excluding portions provided for testator's six married children during his lifetime) amounts to upwards of £69,000.

The will and codicil (both dated Oct. 8, 1878) of Mr. Anthony Hordern, late of George-street, Sydney, New South Wales, merchant, who died on Sept. 16 last, were proved in London on the 4th inst. by Samuel Hordern, the brother, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £49,000. The testator leaves £200 per annum to his wife, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Hordern, with a discretionary power to his executor to pay her further sums; and £100 per annum to each of his children until the youngest attains twenty-one. On the happening of the last-named event he settles an annuity of £208 upon each of his daughters, and the residue of his property is to be divided between all his sons, share and share alike.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1881) of Colonel Alexander Angus Croll, J.P., D.L., formerly Sheriff of London and Middlesex, late of Beechwood, Reigate, was proved on the 9th inst. by Mrs. Sophia Hill Croll, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £37,000. The testator constitutes his wife sole trustee, and wishes her to dispose of his property—freehold, leasehold, movables, plate, and everything “now belonging to me”—as she shall desire.

The will (dated Jan. 5, 1887) of Mr. Henry Cox Wilkinson, late of White Webbs Park, Enfield, Middlesex, who died on May 27 last, was proved on the 18th inst. by Martin Ware and Andrew Alfred Collyer-Bristow, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testator bequeaths two bronze heads of Pope Clement VII. and Pope Sixtus V. to his wife, for life, and then to the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, and many legacies to servants and others. He also bequeaths numerous further legacies on the death of Hannah Elizabeth Wilkinson, including £2000 to the Vicar of Enfield, to be expended at his discretion for promoting the education of poor children in the said parish; and £500 to the Vicar of St. James's, Enfield, to be applied in supporting and maintaining the choir of the said church. There are also several legacies to be paid on the death of his sister, Caroline Ann Wilkinson, including £10,000 to his wife. The residue of his property he gives to his wife, absolutely.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Fife, of the trust disposition and settlement, executed Dec. 21, 1878, of Mr. Robert Agnew Wallace, of Rynd, in the parish of Saline, in the county of Fife, who died on June 8 last, granted to Lieutenant-Colonel Sir William Thomas, Francis Agnew Wallace, Bart., John Bell, Mrs. Jane Colquhoun Bell or Wallace, the widow, and John Alexander Agnew Wallace, the son, the executors nominate and assumed, was resealed in London on the 1st inst., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £21,000.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1885), with two codicils (dated Sept. 14, 1885, and June 5, 1887), of Mr. Robert Bell Williams, late of No. 8, St. Albans-villas, Highgate, and of Bellister Castle, in the county of Northumberland, who died on June 23 last, was proved on the 15th inst. by Thomas Francis Lead-bitter, the executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to his executor; and the residue of his personal estate to his wife. All his real estate at Bellister and Wydon or elsewhere in the county of Northumberland, subject to an annuity already charged thereon by the will of his late brother, and also with an annuity of £200, which he charges thereon in favour of his wife, to his friend Daniel Jackson, M.D.

## OBITUARY.

## GENERAL LAWRENCE SHADWELL.

General Lawrence Shadwell, C.B., died at Northleigh, Reading, on the 16th inst., aged sixty-four. He was born in July, 1823, the eighth son of the Right Hon. Sir Lancelot Shadwell, Vice Chancellor of England, and, after passing through Eton, entered the Army in 1841. He retired, as full General in 1881. His services extended over China, India, and the Crimea. He was present at the capture of Ching-Kiang-Foo and the investment of Nankin, served in the Punjab campaign as extra A.D.C. to Sir Colin Campbell, taking part in the battles of Chillianwallah and Goojerat, and went through the Russian War of 1856, receiving the medal with three clasps for Alma, Balaclava, and Sebastopol, as well as the Legion of Honour and the fifth class of the Medjidieh. He acted subsequently, 1857 to 1861, as Assistant Quartermaster-General in the Northern District, and from 1864 to 1866 for the South-Western District. In 1866 he was appointed Military Assistant at the War Office, and in 1869 was given the decoration of C.B. He married, in 1853, Helen Frances, daughter of the Rev. Edward Coleridge, Vicar of Mabledurham, uncle of Lord Coleridge.

## MR. O'REILLY DEASE.

Mr. Matthew O'Reilly Dease, of Dee Farm, in the county of Louth, J.P. and D.L., M.P. for that county 1868 to 1874, died on the 17th inst., at Idrome-terrace, Blackrock, near Dublin, aged sixty-eight. He was only son of Dr. Richard Dease, of Lisney, in the county of Cavan, by Anna-Maria, his second wife, daughter of Mr. Matthew O'Reilly, of Thomastown, and grandson of William Dease, an eminent physician of Dublin, by Elizabeth, his wife, only child of Sir Richard Dowdall, of Athlumney. Mr. O'Reilly Dease served as High Sheriff of the county of Louth in 1857, and for the county of Cavan in 1861.

## MR. PALGRAVE SIMPSON.

Mr. John Palgrave Simpson, M.A. (Cambridge), the dramatic writer, died on the 19th inst., at his residence, in South Kensington, aged eighty. His principal novels were “Gisella” and “The Lily of Paris”; and his principal plays, “World and Stage,” “Second Love,” “Sybilla,” “A Scrap of Paper,” “All for Her,” “For Ever and Never,” and, in conjunction with Mr. Herman Merivale, several other successful dramas. He contributed also to the pages of *Fraser*, *Blackwood*, *Bentley*, and the other magazines. He was for some time secretary to the Dramatic Authors' Society.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Major-General Lenox James Farquharson, late Commandant 7th Bengal Cavalry, on the 12th inst., aged sixty-three.

Colonel Whiteford John Bell, on the 13th inst., at the Moat of Troqueer, Dumfries. He served in the Indian Mutiny, 1858, with the 74th Highlanders.

The Rev. Henry Humberston Jones Westby, D.D., Canon of St. Patrick's Cathedral, on the 16th inst., aged seventy-eight. He was third son of Edward Westby, Master in Chancery in Ireland; married, in 1835, Mary, eldest daughter of Colonel Cash, of Belville, in the county of Dublin, and leaves issue.

Mr. John Palliser, C.M.G., at Comragh, in the county of Waterford. He was the eldest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Wray Palliser, and was born in 1817. Mr. Palliser had taken an active interest in the progress of geographical science and exploration, and had explored a large portion of the “Far West” region of America. He was a Magistrate, and had served as High Sheriff for the county of Waterford.

Lady Mary Elizabeth Phipps, on the 22nd inst., at Stanhope-gardens, South Kensington. She was the eldest daughter of Henry, fifth Duke of Grafton, and sister of the present Duke, Lady Penrhyn, and Lord Frederick Fitzroy. She was born on Jan. 25, 1817, and married, on Nov. 7, 1837, the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Frederick Phipps, youngest son of Henry, first Earl of Mulgrave, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty, and Canon of Ely.

In last week's “Obituary,” it was inadvertently stated that the Thistlethwaytes were descended in the male line from Charlemagne; it should have been in the female line.

The Whorlton Castle estate, Yorkshire, comprising 5828 acres of arable, pasture, wood, and moor lands, in the parish of Whorlton, in the North Riding, has been disposed of by Messrs. Chinnock, Galsworthy, and Chinnock, to Mr. James Emerson, of Northallerton, for £80,000. This important estate is the last portion of the Yorkshire estates of the Marquis of Ailesbury, the other properties having been previously sold by Messrs. Chinnock subsequent to the auction in the spring of last year. The Whorlton Castle estate is replete with historical interest. The total amount realised by the sale of the Ailesbury estates in Yorkshire is £532,000.

## MUSIC.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The Haymarket opera-house was opened, last Saturday evening, by Mr. Mapleson, for a series of concerts for which extensive arrangements have been made. The house has been re-arranged for the purpose, the orchestra in the centre, with ample room for the visitors to the promenade portion, the interior of the theatre being brilliantly illuminated. The band is on a full and efficient scale—including many of our best instrumental artists, headed by Mr. Frye Parker as leading violinist—the conductor being Signor Arditi, who has so worthily fulfilled that office in many of Mr. Mapleson's operatic seasons. In some of the full pieces the effects are greatly enhanced by the co-operation of a powerful military band, directed by Mr. H. Hinton. The excellent qualities of the orchestra were on Saturday admirably manifested in Mendelssohn's romantic overture to “Ruy Blas,” the larghetto from Spohr's third symphony, the entr'acte and Indian march from Meyerbeer's “L'Africaine,” a graceful gavotte movement and a spirited wedding march, by Signor Arditi, a pleasing minuet (for strings only) by Bolzoni, and a selection from Verdi's “Aida,” in which several of the orchestral artists contributed effective solos—other fine performances having been included in the later portion of the programme.

The vocal selection brought forward, for the first time in England, a lady who is described as “Nikita, the Fairy of Niagara.” She is a native of Virginia, whose musical talents were displayed when she was only six years old, her subsequent history being of a very romantic kind. We are told that she was carried off by a band of Indians, by whom she was well treated, and, after a series of romantic adventures, restored to her friends. Recently the young lady (she is said to be now barely fourteen) has been studying in Paris. Her debut on Saturday was decidedly successful. Nikita possesses a pleasing appearance; a voice which, if not yet very powerful, is pure and sweet in tone; her intonation is true and her execution facile; and there is every promise of her developing into a vocalist of exceptional excellence. Her delivery of Mozart's aria “Deh vieni,” in the first part of Saturday's concert, was characterised by graceful expression and true artistic taste; her subsequent execution of Eckert's “Echo-song” having manifested capabilities for the bravura style. She was enthusiastically applauded and encored in each instance, and there is little doubt that she will prove a permanent attraction. Other vocal pieces were effectively contributed by Signor Vetta and Mr. Iver McKay. The result of Mr. Mapleson's opening night—which drew a very large attendance—gave promise of a highly successful season.

## COVENT-GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

These performances are pursuing a career of great success, which is fully deserved by the variety of the attractions provided. We have already noticed the opening of Mr. W. Freeman Thomas's sixth season. The following programmes included the first of the classical evenings. On this occasion, the principal orchestral works were Beethoven's third “Leonora” overture—the grandest of all dramatic preludes—and Schubert's uncompleted symphony in B minor, which wanted but the addition of the missing movements to have rendered it comparable in grace and beauty—if not in majesty and dignity—to his grand symphony in C major. Two concertos, of acknowledged excellence, were important features of the Covent-Garden “classical night.” These were the first of the two pianoforte concertos by Mendelssohn, and the eighth of the many works of the kind produced for the violin by Spohr. The pianist was Miss Florence Waud, the violinist Mr. Carrodus; the performances of each having been worthy of the occasion. Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli sang, with much grace, Gounod's “Ave Maria” (based on a prelude of Bach)—the obligati accompaniments having been well sustained by Mr. Carrodus (violin), Mr. Cheshire (harp), and Mr. F. L. Thomas (harmonium). Mr. H. Piercy gave, with much success, Handel's air, “Love sounds the alarm”; the programme having comprised other items not necessary to mention. Last Saturday night's performance drew another enormous audience—it is said that nearly 8000 people paid for admission during the evening. A strong programme was provided, including Mesdames Valleria and Antoinette Sterling, and Mr. O. Harley, as vocalists; and Mr. Carrodus (violin), Mr. Radcliff (flute), and Mr. Howard Reynolds (cornet), as solo instrumentalists.

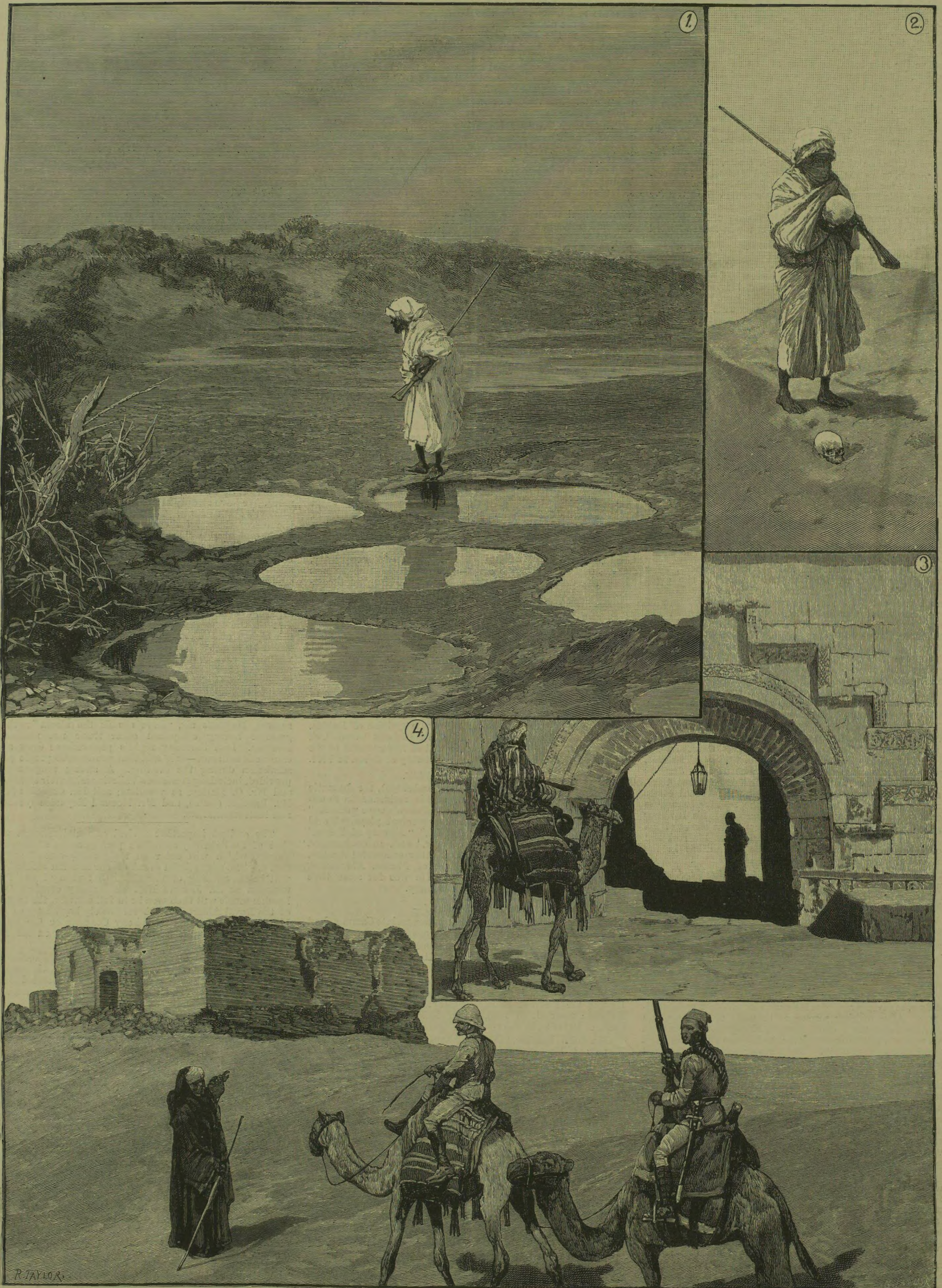
The earliest important revival of serial concerts will be that of the Saturday afternoon performances at the Crystal Palace, which will enter on their thirty-second season on Oct. 8. The next special event of our autumn musical season will be the opening of the thirtieth season of the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall on Monday evening, Oct. 24. London music will then soon be in full activity, the new season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society beginning on Nov. 3, Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts on the 15th, and the Sacred Harmonic Society's performances on the 17th of that month.

A centenary Jubilee performance of Mozart's “Don Giovanni” was given last Saturday evening at Salzburg, the composer's birth-place. The theatre—profusely decorated for the occasion—was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, and the performance was conducted by Herr Richter.

Mr. W. H. Husk died recently, at the age of seventy-three. He had been for many years librarian of the Sacred Harmonic Society, having the charge of an extensive and highly-valuable collection of music of various schools and periods—printed and manuscript—which, on the dissolution and reorganisation of the society, became the property of the Royal College of Music. Mr. Husk was a most efficient custodian of the collection, with the contents of which he was well acquainted, and knowledge thereof was always readily and courteously imparted by him to inquirers. Mr. Husk contributed to musical literature an interesting history of the celebrations of St. Cecilia's Day, and has also written many articles in Sir George Grove's “Dictionary of Music and Musicians.”

In London, 2465 births and 1713 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 342 below, while the deaths exceeded by 117, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 32 from measles, 23 from scarlet fever, 22 from diphtheria, 50 from whooping-cough, 14 from enteric fever, 316 from diarrhoea and dysentery, 10 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea, and not one either from smallpox or typhus, or ill-defined forms of continued fever. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 158 and 175 in the two preceding weeks, further rose last week to 178, but were 3 below the corrected average. Different forms of violence caused 58 deaths; 51 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 24 from fractures and contusions, 4 from burns and scalds, 13 from drowning, 1 from poison, and 7 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Six cases of suicide were registered. In Greater London 3285 births and 2171 deaths were registered.





1. Salt-pans in the Muelah Oasis.

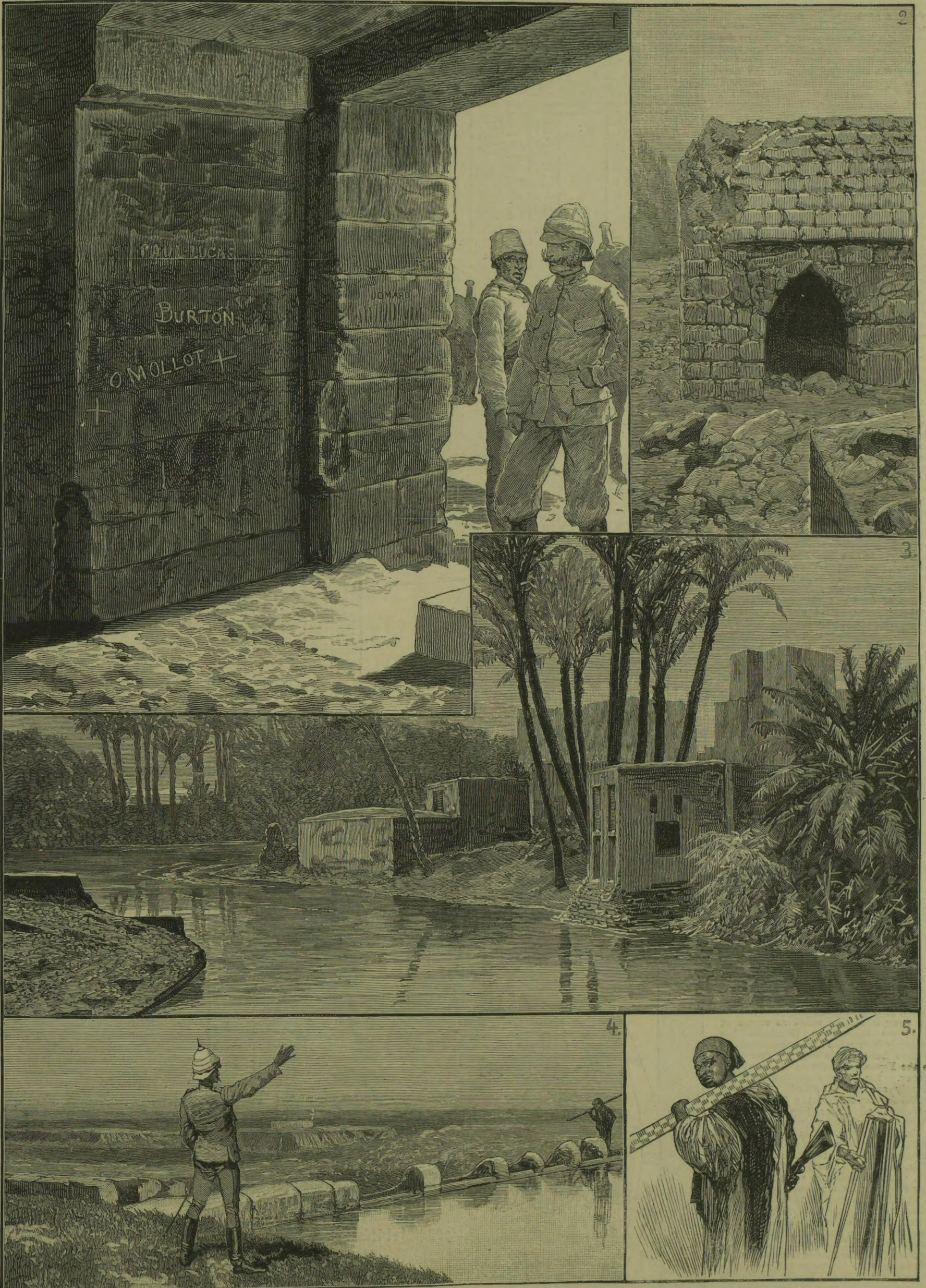
2. Skulls of murdered Monks in the Oasis of Ghoreef.

3. Gateway of the Monastery, stones transported to the Nile Valley and re-erected there.

4. Ruined Temple in the Oasis of Kerun, forty miles west of the Nile.

EXPEDITION OF MR. COPE WHITEHOUSE AND MAJOR SURTEES IN THE FAYOUM AND RAIYAN DESERT, EGYPT,





1. Mr. Cope Whitehouse, entering the Temple near Kerun, reading the names of former explorers.  
2. Great Hall of the Mueilah Monastery, destroyed at the Turkish conquest.

3. Scene on the Canal of Joseph, in the Fayoum.

4. Major Surtees warning a Calrene servant off the Dyke.

5. Native Assistants.

EXPEDITION OF MR. COPE WHITEHOUSE AND MAJOR SURTEES IN THE FAYOUM AND RAIYAN DESERT, EGYPT.



## FAYOUM AND RAIYAN DESERT, EGYPT.

West of the Nile, about sixty miles south of Cairo, the canal, or branch of the river, said to have been made by the Patriarch Joseph, turns into the desert. Forty miles to the south, parallel with the Nile valley, between the points of Maghageh and Feshn, and extending twenty miles to the west, a narrow gorge in the limestone plateau incloses the Muelah oasis. It seems never to have been visited by a European until the project of utilising the deep depression of the contiguous Raiyan Desert, to store the flood waters of the Nile, led the footsteps of Dr. Schweinfurth and Mr. Cope Whitehouse, from the north, a short distance into this lonely region. In December, 1886, the Egyptian Government thought it of great importance to determine the exact contour of the valley, and to run levels from the Nile into it, to see whether it could be used as part of the canal of supply or of the main reservoir. After several days of slow and toilsome march, hindered by violent gales, which by day rendered accurate levelling a work of difficulty, and chilled at night the members of the party, Europeans as well as Arabs, they reached the oasis. Suddenly, amidst the low underbrush which fills it, nude men were seen making for shelter. They were engaged in the illicit manufacture of salt.

One of our Illustrations shows how, for this purpose, round shallow pans are hollowed in the ground, where the surface is so impregnated with salt that it soon becomes a saturated solution; the crystals form, and are lifted out in a basket and piled up in heaps to dry in the sun. There is also an abundant supply of water, which, if not quite fresh, is scarcely less palatable than Apollinaris.

About five miles to the north of the salt-pans is a ruined monastery. It is of considerable dimensions. Fragments of capitals, beautifully carved in a Copto-Corinthian style, show that successive races have occupied the spot. Its walls tell a tale of disaster repeated at intervals, in their different periods, when Roman, Byzantine, Arab, and Turkish conquerors swept over this place, on their way to the important oases beyond.

The gateway of this monastery was discovered by Mr. Cope Whitehouse in the Nile valley. It had been brought, stone by stone, and re-erected at the entrance of an "abadieh," or manor-house, on a valuable ecclesiastical property. The Christian emblems of dove and vine and cup have thus become the prized ornaments of a building which belongs to the Grand Shereef of Mecca. Diligent search for the graves of the monks resulted only in a single anchorite's tomb.

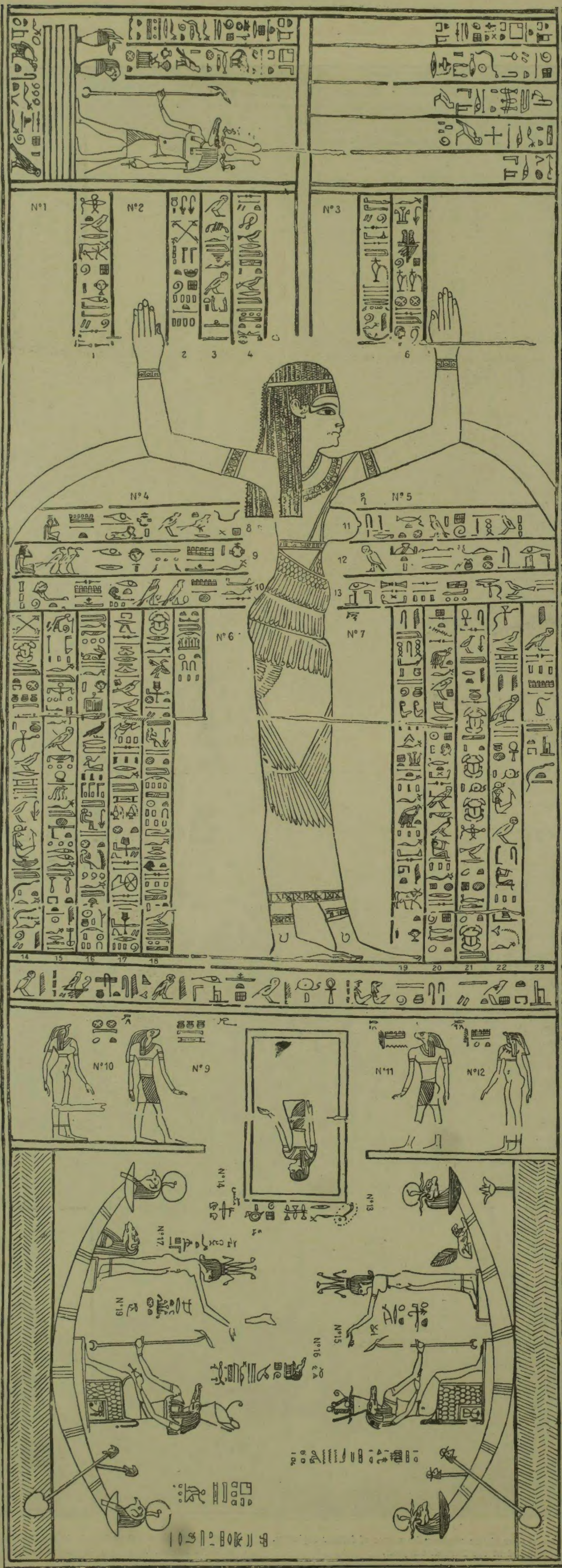
One of the Arabs averred that, farther to the west, there was another but smaller valley, with palm-trees, but without water. Scaling a steep precipice, crowned with huge mounds of drift sand, the explorer saw below him a few palms, in an amphitheatre of rocks which nature seemed to have prepared for some such gigantic façade as at Abu-Simbel. The single camel had been persuaded and aided to reach this point, but here could go no farther. At the foot of the hill, the Arab guide led Mr. Cope Whitehouse to a spot where a dozen skulls lay bleaching in the sand. It seemed probable that, in the last storm of destruction which had broken over the adjacent valley, a group of monks had fled to this spot, only to be tracked and murdered. A photograph was taken, which is reproduced in one of our Illustrations.

After the surveys of the eastern side had been completed in this part, two important points yet remained undetermined. It was no longer doubtful that the Raiyan basin existed in size and depth sufficient to hold water enough to double the volume of water at low Nile, and, by averting drought in the Delta, to enlarge twofold the area of land cultivated in the spring and summer.

It was thought necessary, however, to settle, beyond cavil or question, whether the water would certainly be confined to the southern or Raiyan basin, and would neither stray away into some unknown region of the Libyan Sahara, as Herodotus has erroneously been made by his translators to say that Lake Moëris did, nor flow back into the Fayoum and drown its cultivated plateaux. Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff accordingly applied, in March, to General Grenfell for the loan to the Public Works Department of Major Surtees, of the Coldstream Guards, temporarily attached to the Egyptian Army. This officer had returned, a few days previously, from a political mission to the frontier of the Hedjaz, in Arabia.

Mr. Cope Whitehouse, accompanied by Major Surtees, with a military escort from the Camel Corps, crossed the desert from Dashur to Tamieh. This place, in the Fayoum, is remarkable for a large reservoir, formed by a brick and stone dyke thrown across the mouth of an excavation, which is over five miles in length and several hundred yards in breadth. It was probably made in the later period of the Roman Empire, to provide against the water-famine caused by neglect at the intake of the Canal of Joseph, 270 miles to the south. The surface of this basin is 116 ft. below the level of the Nile.

The natives cross the dyke by springing from pier to pier; but Major Surtees, as is shown in our Sketch, was barely in time to save one of the Cairene servants rashly following a peasant, from serious disaster.



COPY OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PAPYRUS IN THE MUSEUM OF BOULAK, CAIRO,  
WITH SYMBOLICAL REPRESENTATIONS OF THE WATERS OF THE NILE AND LAKE MÖERIS.

At Medinet-el-Fayoum the party was completed by a staff of native engineers, equipped by Mr. Hewatt, the local director of works and inspector of irrigation. Proceeding along the bank of the Joseph Canal, they speedily reached the edge of the desert. On the following night they camped near a temple, surrounded by ruins of immense extent. The level of this place had been previously determined by Mr. Cope Whitehouse at 70 ft. below the Nile.

On the wall of the entrance previous explorers have carved their names. Paul Lucas, in 1701, was the first to visit it; and his picture, with that drawn under the direction of Jomard, in 1798, for the great work of the French expedition, should be compared with our Illustrations, copied from photographs. Mr. Cope Whitehouse is represented entering the temple, on this his fourth visit, under very different auspices from the first occasion. Then, instead of a British officer and an escort of soldiers, with a competent staff, his every movement watched with sympathetic interest, he had to venture into an unexplored desert, with a group of ragged fellahen, to demonstrate at least his sincere belief that there was truth in the narratives of the Greek writers; striving to learn, if it might be so, the secret of the difference between the resources of Ancient and Modern Egypt.

The expedition was entirely successful. The contours on the map of Major Surtees constitute an invaluable addition to Egyptian cartography, and furnished a basis for that favourable report by Major Western, to which Mr. Woodall drew attention in the House of Commons on July 15. There is, however, another representation of the same region.

On the walls of the Museum of Boulaq, at Cairo, hangs a fragment of a papyrus. The missing parts were, fortunately, found by Mr. Cope Whitehouse in the possession of Mr. Hood, of Nettleham Hall, Lincolnshire. For the first time since the Arab, who dug it out of a Theban tomb, tore off the ends of the roll thirty years ago, to get twice the money from two purchasers, the Egyptologist sees it as it was when some scribe in the time of Cleopatra numbered its compartments. It is not difficult to understand, with the aid of a brief explanation. At the foot, two canals are depicted. Each contains a boat, in which is enthroned the deity of the life-giving waters of the Upper Nile, as a god with the head of the symbolic crocodile. Mertu ha-t, the "Moëris of the North," and Mer-t gema-t, the "Moëris of the South," on these gondolas, offer flowers and homage. The Canal of Joseph is represented by the rectangular space, with the upper part of the figure of the man, whose feet were never laid bare by the failure of its perennial current. The god Nu and the goddess Nu-t on the right, and Amen and Amen-t on the left, represent the eternal matter, infused with the Divine essence, which had permitted the accomplishment of this great work. Above, the Spirit of the Lake shows herself to be the deep bosom of the Nile, in the absence of whose aid the fields of Lower Egypt must be reduced to less than half their ancient area and fertility. The cross lines record the praises of the region sacred to the crocodile [the Nile], and which is a centre of sovereignty. The perpendicular lines describe how this is the abode of all the national divinities, where He, whose bones are silver, his limbs of gold, his hair of lapis-lazuli, and his eyes of smaragd—the perfect circle of the turquoise sun—has been able, by the help of Moëris, in this land of the reservoir, to overcome all his enemies and to nourish the land. Above, there is a brief inscription, telling how bountiful, like the udder of a cow, is this wife of the Sesunn (symbolised by a four-square figure), the great basin of the Fayoum. Beyond, at the "Temple of the Flame," the crocodile-headed god watches the current by day, and guards the torches of fire by which it is illumined at night.

At this very moment, in August, 1887, the watch-fires are gleaming along the banks at the ends of the dyke at El-Lahun; and the officials are examining, with ceaseless vigilance, the long line of masonry which regulates the influx of the quantity of water needed for the Fayoum, while it excludes the yellow sea into which the swollen river has already submerged the valley of the Nile.

A sad calamity occurred on the Thames, a short distance below London Bridge, on Monday evening. During the Horselydown Regatta a number of persons clambered upon a barge laden with cloyer to witness one of the races. The vessel capsized, and all the occupants were thrown into the water.

About 30,000 persons from all parts of the metropolis and from several provincial towns assembled at the Crystal Palace on Monday, to celebrate the annual festival of the Catholic Total Abstinence League of the Cross, of which Cardinal Manning is president. His Eminence founded this organisation about sixteen years ago, and its branches are now to be found, not only throughout England and Ireland, but in America, Australia, and other distant countries. The Cardinal gave a short address, in course of which he urged the women of England to sign a petition to the Queen praying that all public-houses should be closed on Sundays. A children's concert followed.



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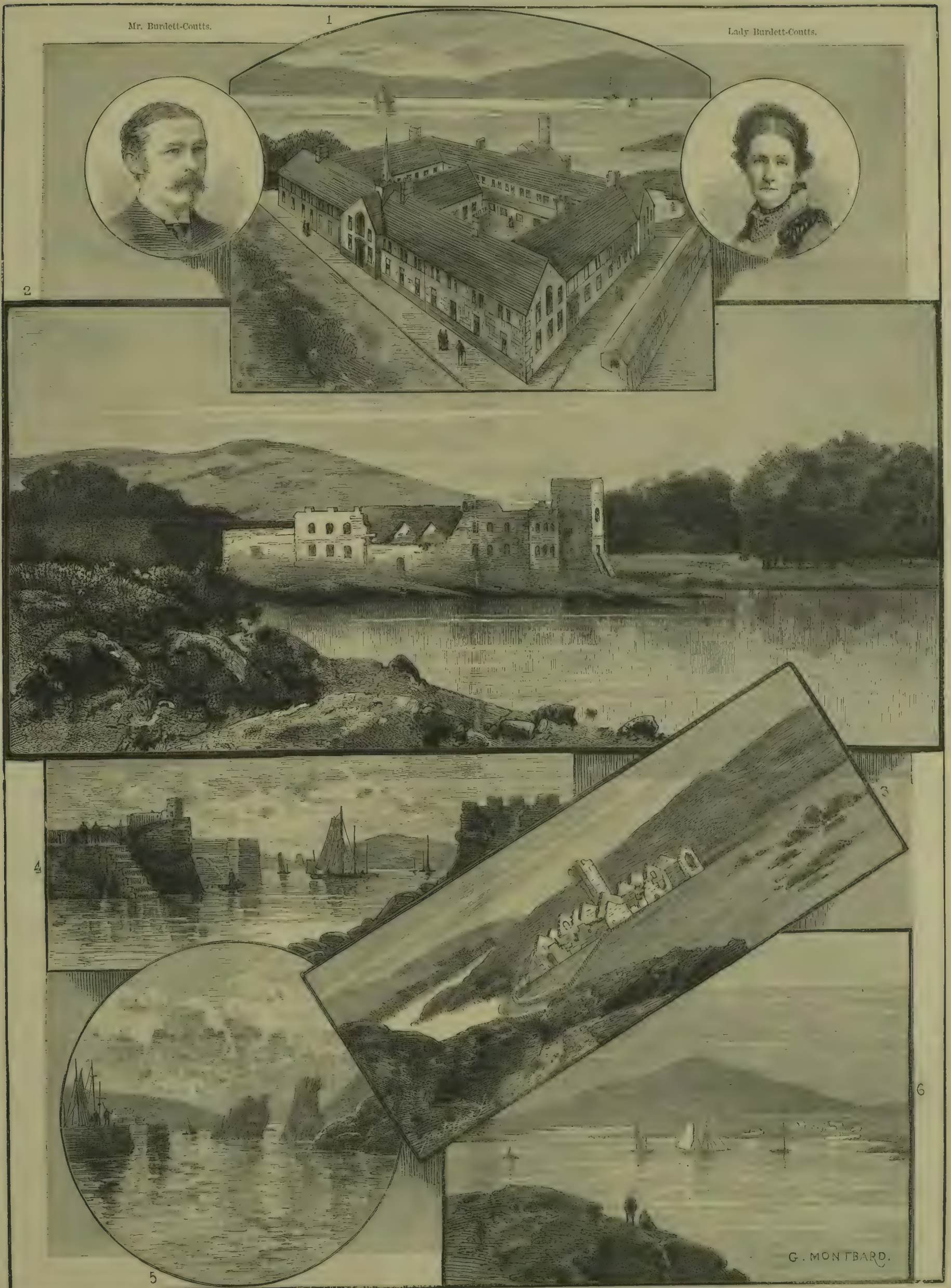
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PANTHI FOLLOWERS AT THE RUBY MINES.

THE RUBY MINES OF BURMA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. G. S. STREETER.





1. Industrial Fishery-School, Baltimore.  
2. Oldcourt Castle, near Creagh.

3. Sherkin Abbey Ruins, Baltimore.  
4. Baltimore Harbour.

5. North Harbour, Cape Clear.  
6. Baltimore, from the Bay.

LADY BURDETT-COUTTS IN IRELAND: THE INDUSTRIAL FISHERY SCHOOL AT BALTIMORE, COUNTY CORK.



**THE IRISH INDUSTRIAL FISHERY SCHOOL.**  
The seaside village of Baltimore, on the south coast of Ireland, in the county of Cork, was visited last week by Baroness Burdett-Coutts, going in the yacht Pandora, belonging to the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, First Lord of the Treasury, for a purpose of wise beneficence. Her Ladyship has for some years past taken much interest, and spent much money, in plans for the assistance of those employed in the sea-fisheries on the Irish coasts, which ought to provide subsistence for hundreds of thousands of the Irish people. Boats and nets have been supplied, and piers for the safety of the boats in harbour, and for the convenience of embarking and landing, have been erected at several places; but there is a great lack of instruction, especially in the shore trades connected with fishing; in the manufacture of nets and lines, in the repairing of boats, and in the curing of fish. In 1879, responding to an appeal from the Rev. C. Davis, parish priest of Baltimore, Lady Burdett-Coutts undertook to help in providing boats; to every trustworthy applicant for a loan she advanced £300 or £250, to enable him to buy a sea-worthy boat, the builders agreeing to accept the remainder of its cost in yearly payments. Stipulating only for the repayment of the loan by annual instalments, she required no interest and no security; but the annual instalments have been punctually paid, except where, as last year, she herself has offered a temporary remission on account of an exceptionally bad season. The Government Irish Reproductive Loan Fund and Sea and Coast Fisheries Fund make up between them an annually available aggregate exceeding £46,000, which is vested in the Irish Commissioners of Works, and lent out by them for fishing purposes in accordance with a certain code of rules. But these loans carry interest at 3½ per cent, and they are not made without security; although a large number of applications have been received, few loans for this object have been sanctioned of late. The design of the new institution at Baltimore, a Technical School of Fisheries for Ireland, has been highly approved by the late and by the present Inspector of Industrial Schools, and by Sir T. Brady, Inspector of Irish Fisheries. The trustees of the institution are Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., the Bishop of Skibbereen, Mr. W. Evans Freke, Sir Thomas Brady,

Father Davis, of Baltimore, and Mr. Carbery. The expenditure up to the present has amounted to £3000, and the whole of it has been defrayed, a substantial balance being left in hand. The subscriptions received include £1000 from the grand jury of the county, £500 from the Duke of Norfolk, and £300 from Lady Burdett-Coutts and her husband. An appeal to the Government for aid has resulted in the allotment of £5000 to the purposes of the school.

The building which has been erected, a plain, strong-looking structure with a simple frontage of concrete, stands near the top of the rising ground at the back of the village of Baltimore, and from its windows a beautiful view is obtained of the lake-like harbour and irregular rock-strewn hills that surround it. The boys who will here receive an education will in the first instance be recruited from the ranks of those whom destitution brings within the scope of the Industrial Schools Act, and consequently an annual subsidy from public funds will aid the institution in the early years of its career. In a short time it is hoped that the work may be carried on without any eleemosynary support. Our Illustrations comprise a view of the school buildings, and views of the village and harbour, the neighbouring ruins of Sherkin Abbey and Oldcourt Castle, and the north harbour at Cape Clear, which are from sketches by Mr. J. R. Broughan.

The ceremony of opening the school took place on Wednesday week in a large room which will serve as a dormitory for the boys. Among those who were present were Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel; the Bishop of Ross; the Bishop of Cork; Father Conlan, representing Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin; Sir Thomas Brady; the Countess of Bantry; Major Hayes, Inspector of Irish Fisheries; Mr. R. Longfield, High Sheriff of the county, Sir Jocelyn Coghill; and others.

Before Lady Burdett-Coutts performed the opening ceremony, addresses were presented to her from the Town Commissioners of Skibbereen, the town of Clonakilty, and the trustees of the school. She mentioned that it had been approved by the Royal Society of Ireland, and that a national piscatorial museum would probably be established in connection with it. Luncheon was served in a room appropriately adorned with nets. At night there was a display of fireworks from the Pandora, and a regatta and a ball were arranged to prolong the festivities next day.

**NATIVE RACES OF UPPER BURMAH.**  
We are obliged to Mr. G. S. Streeter, who lately visited the Ruby Mines district of Burmah, which have been the subject of official correspondence and political discussion, for several photographs taken by him, representing the different races of labourers and other people of the neighbouring highlands, some of whom are occasionally employed at those mines. The Kakhys, divided into many groups of various aspect, language, and character, which are subdivided again into numerous clans or tribes, inhabit the hills north and east of the Irrawaddy basin, up to the borders of China, and mingling with the Shans to the eastward. They are said to have migrated from the Kakoo's country, north-east of Mogoun, but are probably cognate with the Mishmee and Naga hill-tribes; they call themselves not Kakhys, which is their Burmese appellation, but "Ching-paw," which denotes simply "men." Each clan is ruled by its own patriarchal or hereditary chieftain, but they have long been held tributary either to Burmah or to China. They dwell in villages of large bamboo huts, situated usually on the banks of a stream in a sheltered glen, where they keep buffaloes, ponies, mules, pigs, and poultry, and cultivate rice or paddy, maize, plantains, cotton, indigo, and the poppy for opium, irrigating the ground by canals. An interesting description of the Kakhys will be found in Dr. J. Anderson's book, "Mandalay to Momiem," published in 1876 by Messrs. Macmillan; and the Karens, who occupy the hill country between the Sittang and the Salween, are fully described in a volume by Colonel A. R. McMahon, formerly Deputy Commissioner in British Burmah. The distribution of the mountain tribes is very complicated, and is not indicated on the maps to which we have access, but there is a general similarity in their habits. In 1868, at the time of the British mission to Momiem, in western China, the Kakhys were regarded by the Burmese as very troublesome neighbours; while the chief of Palcong was accused of intercepting and robbing traders; and the Panthis or Panthays, who are of the Mohammedan religion, were hostile to the Chinese government of Yunnan, and the whole border region was in a very disturbed condition. The establishment of British authority in Upper Burmah seems likely to have a beneficial effect.

**MARRIAGE.**  
On the 17th inst., at Holy Trinity Church, South Shore, Blackpool, by the Rev. E. M. Fitzgerald, Vicar of St. Paul's, Walsall, assisted by the Rev. S. Y. B. Bradshaw, Vicar, Sydney B. Whewy, only son of Job Whewy, Birchfield House, Walsall, to Mary, third daughter of Thomas Gell Brooklands, South Shore, Blackpool, late of Knaresborough, Yorkshire.

**DEATH.**  
On the 16th inst., at Bodrean, Cornwall, Charlotte Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Arthur C. Williams, and second daughter of the late Rev. Harry Longueville Jones, R.I.P.

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## THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS.—ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

### PART I.

#### THE JOURNEY TO MOROCCO.

Oh, what a noise H.M.S. Curlew made, as she steamed into the quiet blue bay of Tangier on Thursday, April 7, and saluted the Moorish flag with twenty-one guns! and what a din the twenty-one Moorish guns made in return, till they shook every window in the white rock-bound town, and threatened to knock even the houses down! All Tangier was on the "qui vive," for it is not often that her peace is disturbed by the thundering of salutes from men-of-war—a cargo-steamer or two, or half-a-dozen feluccas from Spain, being usually the only craft to be seen lying at rest in the bay—except when the Hassanieh, an old tub—the whole Moorish fleet—comes in like a great black whale, and disfigures the bay with her hideous form. But there was no disfigurement from the Curlew. Rather, the lovely view was enhanced by the pure white vessel, with her yellow funnel and scanty rigging, that lay at anchor a mile or two from the shore, and filled the air with the white smoke of her salutes. We were all glad to see the Curlew arrive, for it meant no more waiting for us, but a speedy start. But where and why were we starting? We were going, through the kindness of Mr. Kirby-Green, with the British Mission to Morocco, and the man-of-war had come to take us to Mazagan, a port some little way down the west coast of Morocco, whence the journey overland was to commence. Our party was a large one, and, as I shall have occasion hereafter to mention certain of its members by name, I shall commence by giving a list of those of whom the mission consisted. Firstly, his Excellency William Kirby-Green, C.M.G., Mrs., Miss, and Mr. Jack Kirby-Green and Miss Scudamore; Mr. Herbert E. White, H.M. Consul at Tangier; M. De Vismes de Ponthieu, Secretary and Vice-Consul; Surgeon-Major Charlesworth, Medical Attaché; Lieutenant Boulnois, Military Attaché; Mr. and Mrs. Caton Woodville, Mr. and Mrs. Treeby, and myself, who, with our servants and baggage for a couple of months, formed no small array. The day after the arrival of the Curlew being Good Friday, we did not start; for, if it is unlucky to begin a voyage on any ordinary Friday, how much more so would it be on this particular one! But Saturday dawned at last, and there was a rushing to and fro from the first peep of daylight, a slamming of boxes, a yelling at servants, a scramble for breakfast, and we were off. It was a long procession we formed as we trooped through the crowded streets of Tangier, jostled by the dirty water-carriers, now and again nearly knocked down by overloaded mules and bad smells, while half a dozen dusky Moors carried the lighter portions of our luggage in front of us, one item of which, and not the least important, was Marita, our monkey, joint-stock property, perched on the shoulders of Mahomet Rushti, Woodville's servant, who had his work well cut out for him in keeping off her small, sharp teeth from his somewhat bulky neck. Down to the smelling Custom House, where the white-turbaned Moors sit cross-legged on their raised benches, counting their beads and gazing at one through their half-closed eyes as if there were no work in the world to be done, and, if there were, they were not the men to do it; on we trooped to the crowded wooden pier, till monkey, luggage, and all were bundled into a boat and rowed off to the man-of-war. Our party was the first to get on board, and we had time to look round us at the admirable fittings of the Curlew before a salute of seventeen guns from her port and starboard sides made us realise fully and in a jumpy way that the Minister had left the shore, and it was only a few minutes later that he stepped on board from the man-of-war's boat, in the stern of which flew the Union Jack, accompanied by their Excellencies the Italian and Spanish Ministers, who after adieus and many kind wishes for a happy and successful voyage, returned on shore. Five minutes later the twin-propellers began to turn, and we steamed gently out of Tangier Bay. Yet there was one episode in our parting that was amusing. Just as we got under way, a shore-boat about two hundred yards away attracted our attention. In the stern stood an elderly Jewess, in native dress, waving an enormous green umbrella; in her we recognised one of the most important members of the mission—our laundress—for washing of any decency would be unprocureable on the road. The view was very charming as we sailed away: not a ripple on the sea, not a breath of wind to disturb the ship or ourselves. As we passed along the coast, and Tangier was hid from sight behind its rocky promontory, we skirted the hill known as the Mount, from the trees of which peeped many a pretty house and garden; and here and there figures could be seen enthusiastically waving umbrellas and handkerchiefs. Cape Spartel, the north-west corner of Africa, was soon rounded—the great bluff cliff, with its graceful lighthouse perched high on a ledge of rock—and our course was altered more to the south. Shoals of porpoises played round and alongside the ship, throwing their great bodies out of the water and plunging in again with a splash; while over the snow-white wake we left behind us gracefully skimmed the soft grey gulls. A little later we passed Shaf-al-Akab, the scene of many a bear-hunt; and we could even see Awara, where the camp is always pitched. Arzeila and Larache were left behind before dark, the latter too far away to see distinctly.

Anyone who knows the Curlew will recollect that her accommodation is entirely insufficient for fourteen persons, with baggage and servants such as we had; but Captain Kingscote was kind enough to put his cabin at the service of the ladies, and for us beds were made up under awnings on deck. The quarter-deck was littered with almost innumerable packages: saddle-boxes and uniform-cases lay piled one above the other, interspersed with portmanteaus of every variety, over which gamboled Marita, the monkey. Nothing could have been more enjoyable than our afternoon on deck, especially when, at four o'clock, tea—such as one seldom, if ever, gets out of England—arrived. We did not dine off biscuit and salt junk, as we believed one ought to do on board ship; on the contrary, we dined most excellently, and it was late when we left our whiskies and sodas and turned in. Most of us slept on deck; but I preferred to rig up my camp-bed in the ward-room, and was afterwards glad I did so, as there was a somewhat heavy fall of rain in the night.

Soon after daylight next morning, draped figures—some of

them remarkable for the scantiness of their drapery—could be seen pacing the deck, and gazing anxiously at the somewhat indistinct shore to try and discover Mazagan, our port of destination; but tide or current had delayed us, and it was not till half-past ten—after twenty hours at sea—that we dropped anchor in the bay.

Mazagan from the sea, in fact from anywhere, is far from interesting, though one day in the dim past it must have been a strongly fortified place, for it was during many years in the possession of the Portuguese, who built the high walls that still remain, though in a more or less dilapidated condition. The town is situated on a sandy low promontory, which with the coast forms the bay—a poor harbour enough, almost unprotected from the west, and entirely so from the north-west and north. The great drawback to trade with Morocco is its insufficiency, almost its total want, of ports, as those which offer any protection from the prevailing westerly winds are situated at the mouths of the rivers, which form bars, over which ships of any size are unable to pass.

No sooner was the anchor down than the Curlew's guns again roared forth a salute of twenty-one, answered by twenty-one from the fort on shore, as compliments to each other's flags; then seventeen from the Curlew, as Mr. Kirby-Green stepped over the ship's side, answered by seventeen as he landed at the jetty, accompanied by Mr. Redman, the British Vice-Consul, who had come off to receive him.

The town presented a brilliant spectacle as we landed, everyone turning out to see the arrival. On the jetty we were received by the Basha, or Governor of the town, who was to escort us to the capital, and other Moors of more or less note. On reaching the end of the pier, we were met by a couple of dozen soldiers; and again, as we entered the town through a stone gateway, found the streets lined with regulars, in scarlet and blue, who saluted as we passed, while their band struck up some discordant music.

We lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Redman at the Vice-Consulate, where those who enjoyed any share in the ownership of the monkey were not quite at their ease, as every now and then a crash from the back garden made them realise that a monkey is an awkward animal to take on calls, especially where there is any attempt at horticultural decoration in the way of flowerpots. Nor was our happiness increased when, terrific shrieks being heard, we rushed to the window, and found Marita apparently actively engaged in devouring Mr. Redman's youngest son. However, he escaped without injury.

After a short walk in the small and uninteresting town, and a stroll round the ramparts, beneath one part of which is a curious native village, with its beehive-shaped huts of straw nesting amidst hedges of prickly pears and aloes, we visited the camp, which had been awaiting us some time. In all, there were some fourteen large tents for our accommodation, and fifty or sixty for the escort, most of whom, by-the-way, slept in the open air. The camp was pitched on the seashore, and looked extremely well. Our tents were Moorish ones, supplied by the Sultan for the journey. These Moorish tents are very comfortable, large, and high, and well adapted for hot weather, though they would be improved by having a double roof. Outside, they are of white canvas, with curiously-shaped patterns in dark blue cloth running in lines round the tents, parallel with the ground. In shape they are but tents, an enormously heavy pole in the centre supporting the weighty roof, but they are lined inside in coloured cloths, on the ceiling in diverging stripes, and round the walls, which are some five feet in height, in the form of Moorish arches. Our respective tents were pointed out to us, and, after a wash and a change, we dined to the sound of the sea dashing on the steep sandy shore a few yards off. Our escort's camp was a little way from ours, so that we were free from the noise of the braying mules and bubbling camels. As was only reasonable, we were anxious to see with what class of riding animals the Sultan had supplied us, and, first thing the following morning, we went to see. Nor were we disappointed, for some of the horses were really very good, though not, as we had expected, slight barbs, but heavily built and thickset animals, no doubt the descendants of the dray horses that George III. presented to one of the Sultans of Morocco of the beginning of this century.

It was Easter Monday, and it looked it, so great was the noise, so many the horses, and so varied the costumes. There was much to amuse and interest us: the constant flow of soldiers in and out of town; Jews hanging around to make an honest—or, if they get the chance, a dishonest—penny; half nude Moors saddling mules and horses; Spaniards losing their tempers; horses pawing the ground and fighting—in fact, a veritable circus. A last visit to the town, where we made a few purchases, and a bottle of beer at a kind of restaurant, which bore in large letters on its walls "Royal Victoria Hotel," completed our share of the morning's work; while his Excellency and the ladies paid a final visit at the Vice-Consulate, the latter afterwards visiting the harem of the Basha, where they spent a *mauvais quart d'heure* in the clutches of half a dozen native ladies, who danced and sang to the music of a wheezy harmonium, while the guests were regaled with an oily kind of broth—by-the-way, quite uneatable—and gallons of green tea. But though they did not drink the soup they were not allowed to forget it, as one of the slaves cleverly succeeded in upsetting a plate of it over one of the ladies' riding-habits.

Soon after twelve o'clock we got away, and a more striking scene could scarcely be imagined. Before and behind us soldiers, a hundred and fifty mounted and a rabble on foot; while along the sides of the dusty road were stationed foot soldiers, in scarlet and blue, who saluted as we passed. In front of the procession rode a standard-bearer, carrying the Moorish red flag, while by Mr. Kirby-Green's side were the Governor of the district and his brother; and the dress of these two needs description, for one scarcely, if ever, sees anything so perfect in colour. The Governor was mounted on a black horse, and wore a white haik—not unlike the Roman toga, and no doubt its descendant—of fine transparent web and silk stripes, over which was thrown a dark blue bernous or hooded cloak, while, to relieve this somewhat austere colouring, he rode on a huge saddle of an indescribable and lovely shade of salmon silk, his horse's head-trappings and reins being of the same colour, embroidered with gold. His brother was on a white horse, wearing a similar haik to the Governor, a pale turquoise-blue bernous, and using a crimson saddle and bridle.

After having been about an hour on the march, we stopped to see the troops at their Lab-el-baroud or powder play. From a dozen to twenty men would stand in a line on horseback at the end of an open piece of ground; at a given signal they would urge their horses to a canter, salute with their long guns, waving them round their turbaned heads, change from a canter to a furious gallop, and crying out "Allah! Allah!" fire. Nothing could surpass the picturesqueness of the firing, the riders' flowing garments borne in the wind behind them, the gorgeous trappings of the horses, the men's ease and grace in the saddle. Over and over again they repeated it, till one's head was almost turned with the brilliant sight and the quick volleying. Now and again a man falls at this dangerous amusement; but accidents are rare owing to the peculiar shape of the Moorish saddle, which is made with a peak before and

behind, which prevents one from falling. This is terribly heavy, as no less than ten thick felt saddle-cloths are used under the saddle, each of a different colour, while the saddle itself is of gold or coloured embroidery. While we were watching the Lab-el-baroud the baggage mules and camels passed us, and we caught a glimpse of Marita seated on the back of a mule, with a bland smile of satisfaction at her elevated position, basking in the midday sun. We had obtained another pet that morning at Mazagan—a small kitten. We thought it would do to play with the monkey; but, on the contrary, the monkey played with it, and was caught gently, and with the utmost skill, trying to remove its great yellow eyes. However, it was rescued in time, and no damage was done. Our other animals consist of two setters, an Irish and an English, and two small Shetland ponies, part of the present from the English Government to the Sultan.

Soon after resuming our journey we came to the luncheon tent, which had been, as always was the case, sent on in the early morning, as the heat of the sun and the absence of trees rendered luncheon in the open an impossibility. Soon after our meal we were on our way again to the camp, pitched at a place called Dar-ben-Zahra, though a better spot might easily have been found, as the ground was hilly and stony. As could only have been expected, there was a good deal of confusion in camp after our arrival; but with such numbers as we were, and with such a crowd of camp-followers, it could not be avoided. The tents were pitched in a row; and before the centre one was flying the Union Jack from a flag-staff.

The next morning we were up early, not so much from inclination as from the fact that the Bashador—a corruption of Ambassador—as the Moors called the Minister, ordered our tents to be struck at a certain hour whether we would or no; on one occasion discovering a certain member of the mission gracefully decked in a pith helmet, which he evidently considered sufficient costume for the unabashed Moors. The scene on leaving one's tent in the early morning was a noisy one, and even if one had had the chance of lying in bed it would have been no rest, so great was the row. In the midst of the camp were the camels, being loaded with the heavier luggage, lying down at their masters' bid, yet groaning meanwhile at their heavy loads; the mules braying to one another in anything but dulcet tones; and Moors quarrelling or laughing, shouting and yelling—in fact, doing their very best to add to the confusion. There was a Babel of tongues in camp; English, Arabic, French, Spanish, Italian, and Albanian were in constant use. The Arabic of Morocco is not the pure Arabic, but a dialect distinct from those spoken in Egypt and Syria; and even Arabic is not the universal language of Morocco, as in the south Berebba is spoken.

On leaving camp that morning we passed, as usual, between lines of mounted soldiers, who fell in directly behind us. The country continued flat and uninteresting, and, though well cultivated, the crops looked sadly in need of rain. At all the villages we passed—for the most part mere collections of mud or straw huts, with, perhaps, one tabbia house—the women would come out with red or yellow handkerchiefs tied to sticks for flags, and utter their shrill cry of welcome—a peculiar high note sounded with a tremolo, made by moving their tongues quickly between their lips. The Moorish country-woman's dress, as one little known in England, is worth describing. A loose kind of skirt and body in one is worn hanging from the shoulders, caught there with two silver brooches, joined to each other by a silver chain that hangs across the chest. This garment is fastened at the waist with a coloured band, either of silk or cotton, generally the latter, while over all is worn a thick woollen haik, sometimes ornamented with coloured stripes. The costume of the town's-women is much more gorgeous, their garments being of silks and brocades, while they hang their ears and necks with silver and gold jewellery. All the women are noticeable for their love of display, and the weight of their necklaces, earrings, and bracelets must be overpowering. The hair is worn in two long plaits, lengthened with interwoven black thread, while the eyes and cheeks are smothered in paint.

We lunched again in the tents sent on in the morning, and it was wonderful to see the way Moorish biscuits followed *pâté de foie gras* down our hungry throats. Under the grateful shade of the tent we spent an hour or two waiting for the cool of the day to ride into camp. We wandered from the tent to look at the country round, and saw many curious specimens of lizards in the stone walls. One of great size having attracted my attention I made a grab at it, but, alas! only succeeded in capturing its tail. However, a few minutes later an Arab brought me one of the same kind, which, with two others, I hope to be able to bring back to England. They are some eighteen inches in length, and proportionately wide, being marked with alternate black and red stripes. Two hours' ride brought us into camp, where we found everything in better order than we had the night before. The site was the bottom of a dry valley, no doubt once flooded with water. The soldiers here mustered stronger than ever, and in all must have been some six hundred strong—foot and horse. On nearing the camp the greater part of our force galloped to right and left up the hill—drawing up in line on either side of the road. The movement was an exceedingly beautiful one, as not only were there greater numbers, but a much better show of horses—but, still, not pure barbs, but the heavy-necked breed we had seen all along. Every colour was used in saddles and trappings, and a black horse with yellow equipments and a rider in yellow bernous took our fancy immensely.

Our tents were all ready for us when we arrived in camp that evening. Perhaps the short description of the interior of one of our tents may not be out of place. The tents are, as I said before, of the shape known as "bell tents," about twenty feet in diameter, and so allowing for more luxurious furniture than most tents. The ground is covered first with waterproof sheets, over which is spread native matting, and over that again rugs and carpets from the famous carpet-manufacturing town of Rabat, on the west coast of Morocco. A folding camp-bed, with Moorish striped blankets, forms a most convenient lounge by day and bed by night. A square table, covered with a striped Moorish cloth, contains one's looking-glass and toilet things, while a couple of easy-chairs, a folding washhandstand, and a bath, complete the furniture.

The spot chosen for our camp that night was at Sök-el-Arba, where every Wednesday, as its name implies, the Moors hold their provincial söko or market. As the villages are so scattered, it is often impossible to hold the market at one particular town, so a spot as near all as possible is chosen, where one day in the week the söko is held. A whole district often arranges its market-days succeeding one another; for instance, Monday at one village, Tuesday at the next, and so on, allowing cattle-drivers, pedlars, and snake-charmers to wander from one to the other.

The next morning (Wednesday) while at breakfast the sound of native music—the shrill pipe and the tomtom—was heard outside the tent, and we found some native jugglers in the middle of a performance. Though far inferior to any ordinary English clown, the tricks that they did with their guns were very good, keeping the weapon continually spinning above their heads in two fingers.

(To be continued.)



## MATCHMAKING IN INDIA.

BY A HINDOO.

It is early in the morning; a Hindoo gentleman is sitting in his parlour, surrounded by his friends, when a tall, handsome stranger enters the chamber. His complexion is light; upon his features, which are regular, his five-and-forty years have made no unfavourable impression. He has a long, thin face, a high forehead, large meditative eyes, though betraying a sly expression in their corners, finely-turned eyebrows, an aquiline nose, and a smooth chin. A confident half-smile, evidently arising from a knowledge of his own talents and abilities, is perpetually playing on his beautifully curled lips; and his countenance has a great prepossessing charm. His handsome features, and the simple white robe flowing around his well-formed limbs, indicate that he belongs to the highest order of the Hindoos.

Upon his entrance, the master of the house and his friends stand up, saluting the Brahmin, who offers them his blessings. After all being seated and the stranger served with a fine pipe, the master of the house politely asks the Brahmin whether everything is all right. The latter, with his winning smile, answers:—

"Yes, Sir; everything is all right. She is indeed a beauty. Her face is as serenely radiant as the full moon in autumn; even the moon has spots, but she is spotless and peerless. Nobody can stand still under the bewitching glances of her bright black eyes; her teeth are sparkling white, like the snows on the mountains; her gait is dignified and graceful, like that of a young elephant; and as to her figure, she is an angel herself. She is intelligent and wise, like Minerva; her voice is sweet, like that of the cuckoo; and she pours honey as she talks. Her stars are the most auspicious known, she will certainly bring fortune to any family she may be connected with. Your noble son cannot have a better match, Sir."

"Indeed!" responds the master of the house, glancing at his companions, who all exclaim, in rather a queer tone, "A wonderful young lady she must be!" A suppressed smile and a significant exchange of glances on the part of the gentlemen assembled betoken a strange misgiving in their minds. With a twinkle in his eye, the master of the house asks the Brahmin whether the girl really is handsome and intelligent. A sudden change passes over the usually placid countenance of the latter, as he bursts forth:—

"By all the gods in the heaven above! by all that is holy and sacred! is it possible, Sir, that you would hesitate for a second to put faith in my words? A man like me, whose ancestor was directly descended from Brahma, the supreme deity himself, whose very touch is purifying, whose curse can in a moment wrap the whole world in flames; I say, a man like me never swerves a jot from truth—from the barest truth! Remember our motto, Sir, 'Truth is ever victorious.' Lord bless you, Sir, you are rich, you are prosperous, you are learned and wise. Why, Sir, you would not find such a perfect match for your noble son (bless his soul!) in the whole universe. And then look here, Sir: the girl's parents are immensely rich; they have promised to bestow a whole mass of things as her dowry—things that will fill up your beautiful house, large as it is. Take my word, Sir; you cannot have any better."

It is evident, from the manner and matter of the Brahmin's speech, that he is a professional matchmaker. He belongs to that class of people whose services are engaged by Hindoo parents when they judge that their son or daughter has arrived at a marriageable age; matrimonial matters in India being entirely managed by the parents, who seldom consult the feelings of the young man or the young lady about to be married.

The Indian matchmaker is a man of apparent learning, very affable in manners, of an amiable disposition, and invariably of great tact and persuasive powers. He has a collection of learned phrases and commonplaces securely stored up in his memory, and these he spurs out in so masterly a fashion that it sets his patrons agape at him. Genealogy and pedigree are his forte; he can trace everybody's ancestors up to the twentieth generation, and will, at a moment's notice, give details about their tribe, quality, and position. But his knowledge counts little with him, whose principal merit must consist in the fullest display of his art. And he is unrivalled in this—the art of varnishing—morally, I mean. His business being of a delicate nature, some hitch is sure to arise in the midst of the negotiations in which he is engaged; and this he will smooth over by his inimitable polishing powers. The matchmaker's tongue runs as smooth as the Scotch Express; it glides over all difficulties as easily as the latter does over the burnished rails. His imagination is always ready to back up his memory or knowledge; and no exaggeration shocks his carefully-brought-up conscience. He will swear by all his deities, as we have seen above, that he never dreams of uttering anything but the barest truth.

The conversation reported above goes on in that style until the glib-tongued matchmaker succeeds in convincing his patron of the perfect eligibility of the match. He then departs for the young lady's house, where he represents the young man to be handsome as the god of beauty himself, affable and courtly as a prince, stainless in character, possessed of fine talents, and intensely studious—in short, a model of a young man, the glory of his country. Pressed on some particular point—for instance, whether the young man has successfully entered into any profession or passed any high examination—the ready intermediary at once replies to the girl's father:—

"My dear Sir, nobody has finer prospects in life than this young man; and even if he has not entered into any profession or passed any high examination yet, what does that matter? A gem as he is, he will pass all the examinations under the sun in two years, God bless his dear soul! And look here, Sir: his parents are enormously rich and have promised to give a whole heap of ornaments and jewels to your little angel. Now, think well of that, Sir."

Perhaps some difficulty arises on account of the young man's not having passed all his examinations, or perhaps his mother has heard from a neighbour that the girl squints a little and has rather a turned-up nose. The clever intermediary, well prepared on these points, runs from one house to the other; and by dint of exercise of all his glozing and fabricating powers manages to bring the negotiations to a successful termination, but not until after a little higgling over the settlement of the dowry.

The matchmaker is pretty well paid for his services, receiving about £3 at a middle-class, and £6 at a grand, wedding, besides presents; and if he can secure an educated and well-to-do young man for a poor, common-looking girl, he receives an extra reward from the parents of the latter. But in many cases life-long curses of both the parties concerned form his chief reward; and at some weddings all the remuneration he receives is a shower of cuffs and blows. He sometimes does great mischief: if not quite satisfied with his promised reward, or through professional jealousy, he will contrive to break a good match. Nevertheless, the Indian matchmaker forms a useful member of the community in a country where all marriages are brought about through intermediaries.

## BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

The annual congress of this association was held at Liverpool last week. It began on Monday, as stated in our last issue.

The members were not favoured with fine weather on Wednesday, but, notwithstanding the rain, which continued to fall for the most part of the day, the members assembled to the number of about seventy to continue their pursuit of antiquarian lore. Proceeding from the Adelphi Hotel they drove in carriages through Sefton Park on to Mossley-hill church to Speke Hall, and, after examining this famous example of a half-timbered house, they went on to "The Butte." Thence they proceeded to Childwall church, and afterwards, at the invitation of the president, Sir James Picton, they had luncheon at his seat, Sandyknowe, Wavertree.—In the evening they met again at the Walker Art-Gallery, when Mr. George R. Wright, F.S.A., vice-president, occupied the chair. Mr. W. H. Cope read a paper on old Liverpool china. The first mention of pottery in that city was found in the list of town dues payable in 1674, the earliest of which appeared to have been that of Alderman Shaw, whose works were in Shaw's Brow, where delft ware was manufactured and exported. The most interesting thing in connection with these works was the finding of a number of broken vessels on the site in Shaw's Brow when the excavations were made for the building of the free library and museum. The writer also referred to another pottery at the old Haymarket, and to the invention of the art of printing by John Sadler, of Liverpool, or the transferring on earthenware of designs. In 1752, Josiah W. Wedgwood was not slow to take advantage of this invention, and he arranged to decorate such ware as the process was applicable to. At Liverpool it was certain the art was known at an earlier period than could be given to Worcester. A paper was also contributed by the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szirma, of Cornwall, on "The Manx and Cornish Languages, Historically Considered"; and one by the Rev. Canon Collier, on a recent discovery in Winchester Cathedral. A short discussion followed each paper, and thanks were voted to the authors.

A stormy night was succeeded by beautiful summer weather on Thursday, when the members started upon their excursions and visits in the neighbourhood of Liverpool. The first place to be visited was Runcorn. On arriving there, the party were conveyed to the church in carriages, and were conducted through the edifice by the Rev. A. Maitland Wood. They then proceeded to the ruins of Halton Castle, and thence, via the Roman-road, to Warrington. Here the church and museum—the latter noteworthy for its Roman antiquities—were visited. After luncheon, the drive was continued to Winwick church and its Saxon cross. Thence the party proceeded, still on the Roman-road, through Newton and Ashton-in-Makerfield, to Wigan, where they were met by the Mayor and entertained by him, and shown the Corporation regalia.—The evening meeting was again held at the Walker Art-Gallery, Liverpool, where the following papers were set down for reading: "The Sepulchral Circle of Stones at Calderstones," by Mr. J. Romilly Allen (Rhind Lecturer); "The Identification of Brunaburgh with Bromborough," by the Rev. E. Dyer Green; "The Local Customs of the Manor of Prescott," by Mr. F. J. Leslie. The Rev. H. H. Higgins occupied the chair. Owing to the lateness of the meeting, there was little time to discuss the papers.

Yesterday week, which was fine and warm throughout, was devoted by the members of this association to excursions in and around Liverpool. In the morning they visited the grain warehouses at the Waterloo Dock, and the warehouses of the Grain Storage Company, after which, under the guidance of Mr. A. G. Lyster, they made an inspection of the Alexandra and Langton Docks, and of the great hydraulic appliances in connection with them. After luncheon at the Adelphi Hotel the members went for a cruise on the river, and eventually landed at Eastham, where they paid a visit to the interesting old parish church there. They had tea at the Rectory, and then drove through Bromborough and Bebington, and thence to the Tranmere station of the Mersey Railway, returning to Liverpool by the tunnel. In the evening a large number of the members attended a complimentary reception given by the Library, Museum, and Arts Committee of the City Council.

The congress was brought to a close on Saturday. In the morning the members examined the famous Mayer collection of the Free Public Museum, William Brown-street, under the guidance of the Rev. H. H. Higgins. They then took train to Ormskirk, where they visited the old church and had luncheon. Carriages then conveyed the party to Halsall church, to Lydiat Hall, and Ruined Abbey, and then to Sefton church. In the evening, the concluding meeting was held at the Walker Art-Gallery, Liverpool—Mr. W. H. Cope presiding. The chairman remarked that it had been a very successful congress from an antiquarian point of view, and he had learnt much historically about the neighbourhood, of the churches, and the inhabitants and their nomenclature. He spoke highly of the hospitality of the people of Liverpool. The proceedings terminated after a short review of the objects of interest brought under notice during the week.

The first three working days of this week were on the programme as extra days for members and visitors who wished to join in excursions to Chester, Lancaster, and Furness Abbey respectively, or to the Isle of Man by steamer from Barrow on Wednesday.

At the Royal Dorset Yacht Club Regatta last Saturday the race for her Majesty's Cup, value £105, with £205 added, was won by the Irex.

The fourth annual championship meeting of the North of England Lawn-Tennis Club began on Monday in the Club Ground, South Cliff, Scarborough, and continued during the week. The entries are forty above those of last year, and the prizes offered amount to above £400.

One of the largest garden-parties at the forthcoming Manchester meeting of the British Association will be that of the Mayor of Salford, Sir James Farmer, who invites 2000 members to Peel Park on the afternoon of Monday, Sept. 5. Among other similar parties arranged for are those of Dr. Edward Schunck at Oaklands, Kersall Moor, on Thursday, Sept. 1; and Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Melville at Kersall Cottage, Prestwich, on Friday, when Mr. Melville's important collection of shells, insects, and plants will be exhibited. On the same day Mr. Henry Lee, chairman of the Manchester Geographical Society, invites 300 members to Sedgley Park, Prestwich. On Saturday, Sir Humphrey and Lady De Trafford give a garden-party at Trafford Hall; and Mr. Samuel Chatwood at Drinkwater Park, Prestwich. The other attractions prepared for the 3000 expected visitors are perplexingly numerous. The list of works of all kinds thrown open for the inspection of the members covers eight pages of the programme. As usual, Sunday has not been forgotten; the pulpit of the cathedral will be occupied in the morning by the Bishop of Carlisle, in the afternoon by the Bishop of Bedford, and in the evening by the Bishop of Manchester. At Sacred Trinity, Salford, the morning preacher will be Professor Pritchard, of the Savilian Chair of Astronomy, Oxford; while the preacher in the evening will be the Rev. Canon Body. The Rev. Canon Tristram, of Durham, will preach in St. Paul's morning and evening.

## THE LAND OF THE QUEST OF GOLD.

Between the Orinoco and the Amazon, on the north-east coast of South America, the Essequibo rolls its warm tide to the sea. Two hundred and seventy years have passed since Captain Keymis sailed into its mouth seeking for the fabled Manoa—the Golden City. All that time the dream has been dead, or remembered only by those who lingered once in a while over a page of history to pity the delusion of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the sad fate of his lieutenant. Since then settlements have risen there upon the river banks, and have decayed; the Dutch have founded a new Holland among the sea-swamps, and have lost it; wealth has flowed upon the shores, and ebbed with the fortunes of the sugar-cane; and the last chapter has seemed to be written of the prosperity of British Guiana; when again upon the air has been heard the whisper of "Gold!" and up the river from the ends of the earth have come streaming all sorts and conditions of men—adventurers with hearts as eager and hands as strong as were those of the *voyageurs* of Elizabeth. Raleigh's promise of riches has come true after all, and for the two poor wedges he carried home to King James as testimony, hundredweights of the yellow metal are being brought down from the interior to-day. When the boundary line with Venezuela is settled, and life and property made secure, a new era may dawn upon Guiana. On the ancient jungle-trail of Arawak and Warau, where tapir and jaguar steal to-day between the trunks of purple-heart and locust-tree, may be heard the snortings of the iron horse, and from savannah and mangrove tangle yet may rise, as there rose from the Australian bush, the long-dreamed-of Golden City.

Since the days of the buccaneers and conquistadores, indeed, there have been many essays to explore the interior, and the names occur in recent times of Waterton, Schomburgk, Brown, and Humboldt. Here, too, upon a smaller scale, has been repeated by the British Rodney and the French De Casse the thunder of European war. Even a gold company, twenty years ago, was started to gather the precious metals. But political uncertainty killed prospecting enterprise; the sound even of Rodney's guns never penetrated far from the coast; and thus, though they used to be harassed sometimes by the slave-drivers of Brazil, the Taruma Indians about the upper Essequibo, and the Aréunas about the springs of its tributaries and among the mountains beyond, have for long roamed their native forests and savannahs undisturbed.

Now, however, the white man has made his way once more into the depths of these primeval wilds, and pick and spade have brought to light the gold that sword and lance could not discover. Though not in the tiles and pavements of the fabled Manoa—for the Golden City of imagination has shrunk to the reality of a poor Indian village by a reedy lake—the precious metal has been found in abundance in the basins of the Cuyuni and Yuruari rivers, tributaries of the Essequibo, and already a new town, Bartica, has been founded on the Mazaruni, while in the far interior, beside the palm-roof village of the Indian tribe, appear the white tents of the European.

And the traveller, though he may have sailed up the Hungarian Danube, the German Rhine, and the great lakes of Glen More, finds a new page of wonder open before him when he sets forth upon the waters of this great West Indian stream. Preferring, it may be, a more appropriate mode of journeying, he landed, we will say, from the Georgetown steamer last night at Wakenaam, one of the islands which lie in the river-mouth, and a new world unveils before him as he steps from the jetty into a long *bateau* manned by Indians, to be swept away up channel by the quickly-flashing paddles. The sun has scarcely risen, and a soft haze shimmers yet upon the surface of the water. Overhead, however, the sky is ablaze already with a stainless blue, and on each hand in the freshness of the morning light rises, rich and resplendent, the luxuriance of the tropical forest. Civilisation is left behind, and the *bateau* speeds on into the solitudes up the mile-wide waterways. The river, brown as old wine, sweeps through the tangled roots of the mangrove thickets that crowd out from the bank, and over and beyond these riots a wilderness of colour and foliage. Trees there are blazing with golden trumpet-flowers; high in the air hang the purple tassels of the huge angelim; and far aloft here and there a liana throws its great rich cloud of scarlet or crimson or pink. Broken walls of foliage seen in places might, by their shape, be ivied tower or castellated ruin; above them shoots into the sky the slender stem of some palmiste, queen of the woods, with its feathery tuft of green plumes; and away far over all the stately ceiba-tree, monarch of the tropical forest, tosses his giant branches against the blue. About the tree-flowers, and gorgeous as they, flit green parrots screaming, noisy as jackdaws; macaws, too, blue and crimson, are to be seen; and on the topmost branches the toucan, with gorgeous bosom of red and yellow, keeps jerking his ungainly bill.

Further up the river, where the mangroves cease and the banks rise higher, a glimpse may be caught sometimes through the trees of the roof of an Indian dwelling; but here there is nothing to betoken the presence of man. Only, as the *bateau* enters some narrower creek, an Indian "dug-out" may be seen to glide silently across the lagoon in the distance and disappear. Here is the home of the orchids. On every bough and in every crevice appear their blooms, marvellous for delicacy and loveliness, and besides them on the river's brink flames the wild chocolate in flowers of startling beauty. Butterflies everywhere, themselves like fluttering blossoms, the size of a lady's hand, rise and fall under the trees. Monkeys there are, too, swinging from tree to tree, the red howler and his comrades great and small, with continuous chatter.

But as the heat of the day becomes more intense, a stillness falls upon the woods, and the Indian, betaking himself for his noonday siesta to his hammock under the trooly thatch, hears only the mournful far-off call of the wood-pigeon, the toll of the solitary bell-bird, or the clear note of the flitting pai-pai-yo. With the fading afternoon again the woods will wake; there will be heard the noise of the mocking-bird and the harsh sound of the razor-grinder insect. And when darkness, at last, falls suddenly, the guest at one of the little mission stations, as he enjoys a supper of Indian fare—strong rich pepperpot, made of wild game and cassareep, with cassava cake for bread—may see around him the little fires flickering upon the open earthen floors of the natives; and as he watches the dark foliage, gemmed by the flashings of innumerable fireflies, he will hear the croak of frogs, the whirr of grasshoppers, the cry of night-birds, and all the thousand and one sounds that go to make up the chorus of a tropical night.

All this is as it was when the gallant Keymis sailed down the river with a sinking heart. Only, the steamer that is throbbing its way into the interior now past old Dutch fort and British settlement is bearing with it men who will fill their coffers with the gold he did not find. There it lies for the digging, and there it lay when he turned his back upon El Dorado for ever. It was within a day's journey of him when he burned the town of St. Thomas; yet he took his life in despair of finding it, and his master, the princely Raleigh, unaware how nearly it had lain within his grasp, sailed away home, to die in default at the hand of an ungenerous King.

G. E.]



THE BRITISH MISSION TO MOROCCO.



A "LAB-EL-BAROUD," OR "POWDER-PLAY," OF THE DUKALA TRIBE.



## NEW BOOKS.

*Boswell's Life of Johnson.* Including Boswell's Journey of a Tour to the Hebrides, and Johnson's Diary of a Journey into North Wales. Edited by George Birkbeck Hill, D.C.L., Pembroke College, Oxford. In six vols. (Clarendon Press, Oxford).—The bookshelves of every good library of English literature must henceforth be arranged to give a place of honour to this complete and standard edition of a work perhaps the most important to our acquaintance with the social and intellectual characteristics of the eighteenth century. A period, at least, of more than thirty years, from about 1750 to his death in 1784, when Johnson gained and held the position of chief arbiter in the contemporary world of letters, and exercised considerable moral authority over the educated class in this country, is to be studied rather in Boswell's reports of his conversations than either in his own formal productions or in those of any other author. The writings of Johnson, the "Rambler," "Rasselas," and "Lives of the Poets," may have lost their interest for this generation; but the English temperament and habit of mind, in relation to ethical judgment more especially, and to the sense of integrity and duty in ordinary conduct, and of veracity and propriety in expression, finds in him, of all men still maintaining a posthumous literary life, the most abiding typical representative. Poets and philosophers—he was neither—cannot so truly represent the average tendencies of their own nation, certainly not of their own age. Johnson's very deficiency of the higher powers of creative imagination, of refined sensibility, of aspiring ideality, and of philosophic insight, renders him the more useful as an exponent of the generality of common-sense opinions and sentiments usually entertained among his countrymen. A natural reversion, from time to time, after the passing away of some disturbing temporary influence, such as that of Carlyle most recently, to the habitual mood, the old tone of feeling, and the old way of thinking, deeply pervading our national life, is easily discerned. On the surface, Johnson's talk, about many things he was accustomed to talk of, abounds in dogmatic assertions that are contradicted by the vast additions to knowledge, and by the immense and varied new experiences, of the nineteenth century. Every man and woman, many boys and girls, with intelligence partially cultivated, are now enabled to detect the obvious errors, and to disavow the obsolete prejudices, of a wise and learned man who died a hundred years ago. Yet we return to Johnson, at need, for a model of sanity in the action of the thinking faculty on practical questions of common life, and for critical axioms of permanent value concerning the use of our language. Modern society, indeed, still feels, if it does not own, his influence on its traditions of morality; and the approved style of prose writing owes much of its force and distinctness to his precepts and example. These remarks sufficiently justify the signal honour done to Johnson—to Boswell's Johnson, the living, talking Johnson, not the author—in the rank ascribed to him as an English Classic at the University of Oxford. Dr. Jowett has, both there and in lectures at Edinburgh, made him the subject of agreeable and profitable discourses. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who is connected with Pembroke College, where Johnson was an undergraduate from October, 1728, to the autumn of 1731, has performed a labour of love in preparing this noble edition of a book that can never cease to be interesting, "while yet a nook remains where English mind and manners may be found." He has dedicated this work to the Master of Balliol, who well deserves the compliment; and the grateful esteem felt by many pupils of Dr. Jowett for their eminent teacher will aid the recommendation of what Dr. Birkbeck Hill has done. A thorough examination of the six handsome volumes, printed with the accuracy to be expected of the Clarendon Press, and with careful revision by Mr. C. E. Doble there, as well as by the editor, satisfies the experienced reader that this is an admirable literary performance. Almost every page contains fresh and original notes, or extracts from numerous books or collections of private letters, or references to preceding or to subsequent passages of this work, bearing on topics of extreme diversity, and explaining even the slightest implied allusions. The comprehensive study, the retentive memory, the acute and sympathetic perception of a multitude of links of association, by which all these incidents, not only in Johnson's life, but in the lives of many persons contemporary with him, are drawn into the new commentary, and by which all the repetitions, variations, or modifications of Johnson's expressions of thought are brought into view, will be deservedly admired. We are not aware of any biography having ever been treated with so great an amount of illustrative industry; the result of which is that readers of this edition may learn many details which were hardly known by Johnson's personal friends in his lifetime, and may possibly understand some of his sayings better than they could. This, indeed, is the desirable end of such labours as those of Dr. Birkbeck Hill; and it is of comparatively little importance what he or we may think of the character of Boswell, or that of Mrs. Thrale, or of several other persons who were acquainted with Johnson, as his character was in no degree formed or affected by theirs. For Boswell, on his own account, Dr. Birkbeck Hill seems to cherish more regard than has generally been entertained; having undertaken, so long ago as 1873, to defend him against the contemptuous aspersions of Macaulay, and having also edited his "Tour in Corsica." We do not greatly care about him, except as the reporter of Johnson; for that service, indeed, we are indebted to Boswell more than to any other man of his time, except Goldsmith and Burke, and let us add, the graceful and gentle poet Cowper, who was not one of their set. To be sure, a full report of Burke's table-talk would have been still more valuable; but that of Goldsmith, Reynolds, Garrick, and other famous members of "The Club," seems not to have been worth much compared with Johnson's. The learned, industrious, and judicious editor of this inestimable record of the life and opinions of a great and good Englishman has our cordial thanks for his successful labours in its elucidation. Four of these octavo volumes are filled with the "Life of Johnson," notes, and appendices; the fifth volume consists of Boswell's narrative of their tour in the Hebrides, in 1773, and Johnson's brief notes of his tour in North Wales, with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, in 1774. The sixth volume contains a marvellously complete index, which occupies 288 pages; a list of titles and dates of several hundred books cited by the editor; some letters and memoranda of Johnson's, before unpublished; an ingenious chronological chart, drawn by the Misses Margaret and Lucy Hill, showing the duration of each life contemporary with Johnson's; and a "concordance," or collection with references, of Johnson's memorable sayings. There are several portraits, and plates with the facsimile of handwriting. Dr. Birkbeck Hill's patient and diligent researches, and his skilful adaptation of their multifarious results, have produced a literary monument which will stand for ages, to commemorate Johnson, to instruct and to gratify his countrymen, and to extend his influence over the English-speaking world.

*Life of Samuel Johnson.* By Lieutenant-Colonel F. Grant. "Great Writers" (Walter Scott).—Those who care much for

Johnson will choose to read Boswell. For those who merely want to know the main facts of the lives, the works, and the social and literary position of celebrated English authors, Colonel Grant's neat and correct biographical essay, and the series of compact volumes to which it belongs, are very well adapted. This volume, indeed, may serve as a companion and handy assistant to the reading of Dr. Birkbeck's Hill's perfected edition of the great biography; while it mentions, within brief narrative compass, almost every interesting circumstance, relating to Johnson's habits and manners and to the people immediately about him, though it has no space for his constant flow of wise and witty talk. Colonel Grant has performed his task with diligence, sound judgment, and good taste, and with the accuracy that was required. In one particular, that of precisely indicating the houses where Johnson dwelt or visited, his places of residence in London, and the friends' houses which received him at Lichfield, Birmingham, and other towns, his attention to topographical antiquities is much to be commended. This, indeed, seems in Dr. Birkbeck Hill's annotations to be the only point of deficiency left unsupplied.

*Life of Thomas Carlyle.* By Richard Garnett, LL.D. "Great Writers" Series (Walter Scott).—Enough has been said on the painful exposure of Carlyle's domestic life, perpetrated by one left in charge of writings the publication of which was expressly forbidden. Dr. Garnett has performed with much skill, good taste, and sound judgment, the task of describing Carlyle as an author, and of setting forth the motives and influences that caused his chief works to be produced, and to be what they are. Few of our past "great writers," to whatever age they belonged, are likely now and hereafter to stand more in need of such a biographical commentary. The inspiration of such books as "Sartor Resartus," "Past and Present," and even "The French Revolution," which is less a history than a prose epic designed to illustrate Carlyle's views of social morality, was derived mainly from his sense of actual wrongs and pernicious mistakes or fallacies prevailing at the time when he wrote. These books cannot, any better than "Chartism" or the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," be properly understood without some knowledge of the circumstances that gave rise to them, and of the peculiar effect of those circumstances on the author. We should hardly affirm the same of his later and larger works—that on Cromwell and the "Life of Frederick the Great"; which, indeed, especially the last mentioned, are monuments of his vast industry and ability, displaying all his intellectual characteristics, but are not manifestly inspired with feelings aroused by the condition of affairs in his day. The essential requirement, as Dr. Garnett has perceived, in a treatise of this kind, is to portray the inner life, the native and habitual disposition of mind, the strain of passion, mode of thinking, and tone of expression, peculiar to the great original author, along with the effects of outward things and companions on his mental activity, prompting him to write as he did. The volume here presented to us exactly fulfils this requirement, and needs no higher commendation.

## NOVELS.

*A Tory Lordling.* By "Blinkhoolie," author of "Blair Athol." Three vols. (Ward and Downey).—The author, whose taste it is to choose for his *nom de plume* the names of celebrities on the turf, makes a point of relating certain rogueries at Ascot, where a Duke's horse, the favourite, is dishonestly ridden to lose a race. Such practices may be on record; but little reliance can otherwise be placed on "Blinkhoolie's" descriptions of social and political life, or his knowledge or judgment of human character and behaviour among people of any class or calling. The crudity of his conceptions, and the lack of originality and of vitality in the figures and movements of the personages, deny to this rapid and feeble story the element of substantial interest. Nor are these defects redeemed by any grace or force in the style, liveliness in the dialogue, or satirical point, wit, and humour, though some efforts are made to disparage eminent contemporary reputations. It is curious to note the traces of a loose, vague, and confused habit of mind, betrayed in frequent inconsistencies and inaccuracies in the details of the narrative. For instance, the first volume brings us to the death of an amiable old Peer, bearing the queer title of the Duke of Countryholm, who is killed, with his old gamekeeper, Peter Stobbs, in a midnight conflict with poachers; but his eldest son and successor is repeatedly called the Duke of Gainsborough in the second volume and the Duke of Countryholm in the third; while a younger brother, the hero of the story, is sometimes Lord Henry Gainsborough, sometimes Lord Henry Bolingbroke. The young farmer who is guilty of the double murder is John Wilkinson in the first volume and John Harrison ever afterwards; all his family being Wilkinsons to begin with and subsequently mentioned as Harrisons, by the sheer inadvertence of the author. But the confusion of times, events, and circumstances belonging to real history, which are largely introduced, or profusely alluded to, is the more remarkable, as the author presumes to bring in such actual personages as Mr. Disraeli and the late Earl of Derby, and to represent them as taking their part in the fictitious incidents. The new Duke, familiarly called "Beau," by his intimate friends, and his brother Henry with him, are undergraduates at Oxford, where they are inmates of a college which the author persists in calling "Dervorguilla." Cannot Balliol men, if he is one, spell the Latin name of the ancient Fundatrix? As for his vile aspersions on the character of one of the best and wisest men at the University, who was not Master of that College before 1870, but who is expressly pointed out by mention of his "Plato," they reveal a most unworthy spirit in the writer, and for his own sake only must be seriously regretted. "Blinkhoolie," who dedicates this novel to Lord Randolph Churchill, appears to be sincerely persuaded that the Tory party is the true depository of popular principles; and he is as well entitled as Mr. Disraeli or Lord Randolph to maintain that opinion. He is entitled, if he fancies that his views of the political welfare of England are to be enforced by such examples, to depict the moral downfall of a profligate young Duke, who imbibes Radical notions, and who consequently treats his tenants with harsh injustice, shoots down people besieging his castle, runs away with the flirting wife of his parish clergyman, and marries her when divorced; practises dishonourable tricks with his racing stud; grossly insults a virtuous young lady, and gets from her a slap in the face—in short, thoroughly disgraces himself and is obliged to fly the country, which is naturally the end of Dukes who abandon the Tory party. He is perhaps equally justified, by the same wish to present salutary examples, in showing up a Radical lecturer and professional agitator like Mr. Aspland, who being, of course, a wicked Atheist, is the prime instigator of all vice and crime; who prompts John Wilkinson or Harrison to kill the old Duke and to seduce Polly Stobbs, leads the Vicar's wife into infidelity and adultery with the young Duke, and is finally drowned in the river, pushed in by one of the victims of his pernicious doctrine. "Blinkhoolie" is doubtless sincerely persuaded that these dreadful illustrations of the certain ill effects of Radicalism, and of free-thinking about religion, are calculated

to save the English nation. It is questionable, however, whether the youthful performances, on the other hand, of his favourite "Tory Lordling," the hero of this novel, are suitable to command public confidence in his wisdom as a legislator; for he is a gentleman of aristocratic birth, educated at Rugby and Balliol, who dangles after Miss L'Eclair, the ballet-dancer at provincial theatres, who gambles and loses his money, who quickly squanders an income of £2000 a year, and who becomes the easy dupe of cheating usurers and of the promoters of gold-mine companies till he is reduced to penury, then wins some racing bets and weds an American heiress. The Tory party, we hope, can find more safe and worthy leaders, who may or may not be younger sons of Dukes.

*Miss Gascoigne.* One vol. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell (Ward and Downey).—The well-known authoress of "George Geith," and of other successful novels, has earned of many readers an immediate welcome for her productions of this kind. They will be pleased, and some will be touched, by the perusal of this short story, which is the picture of a true woman's heart moved by pure and natural affections, in a situation that perhaps occurs more often, in real life, than the world may be aware of, and that has seldom been described in fiction. It is that of a lady who has chosen to reject offers of marriage till she is somewhat past thirty years of age; and who, having admitted to her intimate friendship, almost as an object of maternal care, a young man ten years her junior, insensibly falls in love with him. That such a young man as Cyril Crayleigh, who had never before seen a woman so graceful, gentle, and engaging, and who was grateful for her kindness, should conceive for this lady a passion vehement enough during the period of their temporary association with one another, is equally probable; though it would not be so with every other young man. He does not express his sentiment, however, until circumstances have removed the inequality of fortune which might otherwise have caused him to be accused of mercenary motives; while she, for her part, has severely reproached herself for the feeling which she deems a shameful weakness, and has concealed it both from him and from those around her. On the eve of his departure from the village where she lived, they become acquainted with the mutual attachment that each has secretly imbibed; and they give way to it with ardent joy for the hour, which seems to the loving woman—thirty is really not too old, or forty, for a woman's first love—the long-deferred taste of that needful happiness denied to her youth. But a few days' consideration persuades Miss Gascoigne that she would be acting unjustly, as well as imprudently, in permitting Cyril to risk the union with one who must grow old long before he will have passed the prime of manhood. She would be his wife, she declares, if she knew that she would die after five years. As it is, she sacrifices herself, and refuses to confirm the engagement. It is not surprising that, when she has gone abroad for a twelvemonth, while he has entered into a wider social sphere, Cyril transfers his affections to another; yet this news comes to her as a terrible shock, and is followed by an illness perilous to her life. The end of Madeline Gascoigne's story, after all, is the serene acceptance of a worthy and modest suitor, with tolerably equality of age, high character, and good position, whose regard for her virtues and graces is not lessened by knowing the past trials of her pure and noble nature. Mrs. Riddell has done justice to her sex by this portrait of a heroine approaching the limits of what is indelicately called "a certain age"; and by proving that the attractions of true womanhood are not confined to those girls whom the ordinary novelist is apt to render the exclusive subject of stories of love.

*The Wild Curate.* By J. McGrigor Allan. Three vols. (F. V. White and Co.).—The Rev. William Weatherall, a clergyman of sincere piety and diligence in his ministry at Laxington, serving under a worldly-minded Rector, has lived quietly with his mother, and has maintained, with singular freedom, his religious protest against fashionable sins, even preaching a sermon against the sports of hunting and shooting. He is suddenly invited to dine with an Earl, and becomes acquainted with aristocratic, fashionable, pleasure-loving company, especially with the Earl's daughter, Lady Honoria Forrester, a clever young woman, handsome, and somewhat of a coquette, who has contrived this invitation rather for the sake of her own amusement. But Lady Honoria is not a heartless woman, and is very soon impressed with respect for the genuine excellence of "the Wild Curate's" character. She benevolently takes in hand the task of his education in the habits and tastes of superior social life; and she finds him essentially a gentleman, contrasting favourably with some vulgar, silly, and rather depraved persons of rank visiting her father's mansion, where she is the only well-bred lady. The Curate, being an ingenuous young man, in spite of his natural humility and his exalted Christian philosophy, falls honestly in love with his gracious patroness, and quickly learns to adapt himself to the ways of the upper classes, even consenting to ride out with them to see the meet of the foxhounds. Here is an evident opening for much lively comedy, and for incidents and conversations tending to the development of characters, which the author of this novel has managed with a fair degree of success; yet his pictures of society are rude and violent in colouring, and the story does not please.

*Isa.* By the Editor of the *North-Eastern Daily Gazette*. Two vols. (Remington and Co.).—"If the devil were in a laughing mood," as this author puts it in the question of his preamble, "what could seem more grim? humorous to him" than the story which is here written, utterly unfit as it is for the entertainment of human readers? It is nothing but the fantastic imaginary portrait of a female lunatic, a charming young woman in her saner moods. Her fits of homicidal mania, when she feels herself impelled to acts of murder by a legion of besetting fiends, come yearly on her birthday, the "eighth of June," but may at any time be provoked by the mention of that anniversary, or by any chance sight of blood. Such a peculiar direction of insanity may possibly have been recorded in the sad history of mental disorders, but we protest against making it a theme of horror-exciting fiction. This poor mad girl, whose mother and infant brother were mysteriously slaughtered on that day of the year, has grown up in the house of a careless old bachelor uncle; nobody is aware of her strange condition except Tabitha Merrit, her nurse. Instead of being sent to an asylum, she is allowed to marry Wilfred Morland, a sensible and affectionate young gentleman, who is left to the painful discovery at the risk of his mother's life, and presently of his own life, from the pursuit of this terrible Isa, armed with a sharp razor, prowling around their beds at night. In the day-time, awakening from her somnambulist dreams of the direst cruelty, she is perfectly innocent, amiable, and cheerful, unless some accident reminds her of blood, or unless she hears of any death by violence, happening on the fatal day which for her is accursed so long as she lives. A pleasant, wholesome story, is it not? As nice a wife as the ghoul whom somebody weds in the "Arabian Nights"; and a nice sort of daughter-in-law for old Mrs. Morland! We can only commend this novel to the personage named in its dedication, who alone is capable of enjoying its humour. The author has enough literary talent for us to wish it more judiciously employed on a safe and proper theme.



DERBYSHIRE DALES AND CAVERNS.

Englishmen are beginning to appreciate the attractions of their own country. The Lakes, Scotland, and, to a great extent, Wales, have shared the preference heretofore given to German spas and Alpine heights. But it is quite recently that we have thought of inland places, apart from country seats, for the summer's holiday. Those who have no preference for the seaside have now an abundant choice. If they are cyclists, they can, of course, go where they please; if wishful for a spell of country life, they can almost choose their retreat by aid of the advertisement columns of the daily papers, or fix upon a centre from which to make excursions on foot. For such relaxation Devonshire and Derbyshire are pre-eminently fitted, both being celebrated for their romantic dales, craggy tors, lovely streams, and extensive moorlands. If the former offers the greater extent and softness of its scenery, including a coast-line of unique grandeur; the latter is more accessible and diversified in its natural features, and has the charm of subterranean mystery, which piques curiosity.

Derbyshire may be said to have been opened from one end to the other by the enterprise of the Midland Railway, whose costly line from Belper northward provides the most picturesque route from London to Manchester, and gives the passenger a momentary glimpse of richly-wooded terraces, precipitous cliffs, and lovely dales, sparkling and meandering streams, lofty viaducts, and gloomy tunnels, as the iron horse hurries along. Except in North Wales on the Festiniog Railway, where the distance is very short, there is no such scene in Great Britain. It is concentrated within a narrow area some fifty or sixty miles in length—from Ambergate to Chapel-en-le-Frith, and within this limit you have ten or a dozen railway stations, all having their respective advantages. Matlock is almost too well known to need description. It affords, as has been said, "the finest grouping of limestone rock in Derbyshire," and, apart from certain drawbacks, is a place of great beauty. But it has become an overgrown, straggling town, which extends some two miles along the valley of the Derwent or up the slopes. The sheer precipices on the left bank, the High Tor being the chief, are familiar to all tourists, and the *coup d'œil* is heightened by the varied foliage and the winding river at their base, now unprecedently sluggish by reason of the prolonged drought. The town is divided into Matlock Bath, Matlock Bridge, and Matlock Bank. The first named can boast of various stalactite caverns of a secondary kind, petrifying wells, a pavilion and gardens, and "lovers' walks." It is also the most frequented by excursionists—"trippers" they are called—from all the great towns near and far, who, on the recent Bank Holiday, filled a dozen special trains, and made the streets for a time almost impassable. There was little of the rough element amongst this industrial host, and the provision made for them in the shape of cups and saucers was on a colossal scale—surely a good sign!

Five miles further north, the lovely Derwent still keeping parallel with the railway, is the hamlet of Rowsley, a good starting-point for Chatsworth House or Haddon Hall, distant, respectively, three miles and a mile and a half. The renowned seat of the Devonshire family is open to visitors at least five days in the week. At present, so serious has been the drought in that district, there is not water enough to set the celebrated fountains going. The splendid glass conservatory designed by Sir Joseph Paxton, then the Duke's chief gardener, suggested the plan of the fairy-like Exhibition of 1851, which afterwards took a permanent form in the Crystal Palace. Leaving behind us the model village of Edensor, the church of which, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, contains a stained window in memory of the martyred Lord Frederick Cavendish, we may thread our way by a somewhat intricate track through plantations and a grass road to Haddon Hall, the most perfect relic of feudal times. Here for four centuries the Vernons held high festival, till the celebrated Dorothy, daughter of the "King of the Peak," as he was called, married Sir John Manners, and thus this baronial residence became the appanage of the Lords of Rutland, whose princely munificence has practically made it public property. Many a romance clusters around this venerable and decaying pile, and a visit to its mediæval rooms and relics helps us to realise the rude life led by the Avenels and Vernons of a bygone age. In the plain below, amid umbrageous surroundings, flows the "meandering Wye," as it has done for centuries, and far beneath the Hall dashes the train till it reaches Bakewell, a pleasantly-situated town, with well-wooded hills and fertile meadows around. Bakewell is the most eligible centre for the contiguous show-places, and there are obvious signs that we have passed from the domain of the Cavendishes to that of the Manners—though further north we once more come upon a seat of the Devonshire family, Ashford Hall, and, not far from it, Monsal Dale, one of the loveliest of Derbyshire valleys, still gay with a flowery carpet and overshadowed by wooded hills. The station itself is approached by an imposing viaduct that spans the vale. It is impossible to describe the charm of the lateral valleys in these parts from Bakewell to Hassop, and from Hassop to Longstone, all stations between which the trains are ever rushing and giving you momentary glimpses of craggy or foliage-clad hills and half-hidden glades.

At Miller's Dale, the railway to Buxton branches off, and some of the scenery on the way to that famous health-resort is not less bold and picturesque than that already referred to. Here we are, of course, on familiar ground; the reputation of Buxton for its mineral baths, in cases of rheumatic affections of all kinds, having come down from the time of the Roman occupation of Britain. Invalids are drawn to this celebrated inland watering-place from all quarters, not only to effect a cure, but to benefit by the dry and bracing climate of a town that is said to stand higher than any considerable place in the country. Buxton has all the marks of a thriving watering-place. There are crescents and squares, broad walks, swimming as well as medicinal baths, a pavilion and grounds, a new Townhall, and a Devonshire Hospital, chiefly for the benefit of the poor.

Passing along the direct main line from Miller's Dale to Manchester, Chapel-en-le-Frith is reached in half-an-hour. To the north-east lies "The Peak." *Lucus a non lucendo*. There is no peak. As you walk along the somewhat dreary road to Castleton—for there are no public conveyances from Chapel-en-le-Frith—you will be struck by the lateral ridges towards the south, almost devoid of verdure, and an extended table-land on the north, looking like a mountain range with its top cut off. This is the veritable High Peak. It looked gloomy enough on the Twelfth—the opening day of grouse-shooting, indicated by the frequent crack of rifles and the whirr of intended victims—when black, but not prolific, clouds overhung the Kinder Scout—barely 2000 ft.—and other eminences. Nevertheless, Castleton is worth the fatigue of an eight-miles' walk and back. It is here that the subterranean problem already adverted to finds its solution. Some one or two streams in this region—*not* the Derwent, which has its source about twenty miles to the north-east—have a trick of disappearing underground and reappearing at some distance, following, it is believed, the course of long-disused lead

mines. To mention the Peak Cavern is to recall not a few sensational traditions of the past; and, hard by, are the ruins of Peveril Castle, built by the natural son of William the Conqueror, which of course suggests Sir Walter Scott's charming romance, though his descriptions cannot be identified. From the Peak Cavern issues a stream, now a mere rivulet, which after heavy rains foams like a torrent, and is believed to be fed by the waters of the Speedwell Mine, three quarters of a mile distant, passing under the adjacent hills and the Winnats ravine. The Speedwell Mine should on no account be missed by the tourist. After a descent of a hundred steps, a Chæron conveys the visitors, all supplied with lighted candles, in his boat through the underground canal—a distance of half a mile—and lands them on a rocky pavement, where a lofty dome is revealed by a Bengal light, and below you is "the ceaseless thud of the falling water" a hundred feet beneath. Hardly less unique is the Blue John Mine, with its stalactites, stalagmites, and crystallised cavern, from which is obtained the fluor spar, that owes its rich blue vein to oxide of manganese.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor. J C E (London).—We are inclined to agree with your estimate of the comparative merits of Nos. 2235 and 2239, but seeing that the latter deceived all our solvers, it has served its purpose well.

SHADFORTH.—The two minor variations of No. 2239 cannot be regarded as a solution of the problem, seeing that the idea embodied in the latter—avoidance of stale mate—is entirely ignored.

Mrs. KELLY (Lifton).—See answer to Shadforth.

L C K (Jara).—You must have set up the position of No. 2260 incorrectly. There is no Queen at a 7 to be moved to f5.

ALPHA.—Look at the solution of No. 2259, published the week before last. No. 2262 cannot be solved by way of 1. Kt to B 4th; Black's defence is 1. Kt to B 6th (ch), and 2. P takes Kt.

FAIRHOLME.—The solutions you send were published in this column a week before the receipt of your letter.

J C B (Dunmow).—The King cannot capture the Rook in the position described.

B W L A M (New York).—The problem, for which we are obliged, shall have our best attention.

T B R (Dublin).—Many thanks for your kind attention.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2260 received from J Christie, Emile Frau, and Commander W L Martin (R.N.); of HERR BAUDERMANN'S PROBLEM from W R Raille, Henry G King, and Fairholme; of No. 2261 from C E P, Henry G King, E E H, T G (Ware), V Coevorden, T Roberts, and R H Brooks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2262 received from J Bryden, Jupiter Junior, Thomas Chown, Otto Fulder, E Loudon, R L Southwell, G W Law, W R Raille, R Tweddell, E Featherstone, North-Bac, G G P, L Falcon (Antwerp), W Hillier, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, T G (Ware), L Wynan, Ben Nevis, N S Harris, Nerina, Shadforth, E Elsbury, S Bullen, E Casella (Paris), Hereward, Joseph Ainsworth, C Darragh, J A Greene, G Oswald, R Worters (Canterbury), H Reeve, A C Hunt, Emile Frau, Columbus, R G Briscoe, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), T Roberts, Loch Goll, R H Brooks, and H Wardell.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2261.

- |                       |            |
|-----------------------|------------|
| WHITE.                | BLACK.     |
| 1. Q to K Kt 3rd      | K to K 5th |
| 2. Q to K sq (ch)     | Any move   |
| 3. Mates accordingly. |            |

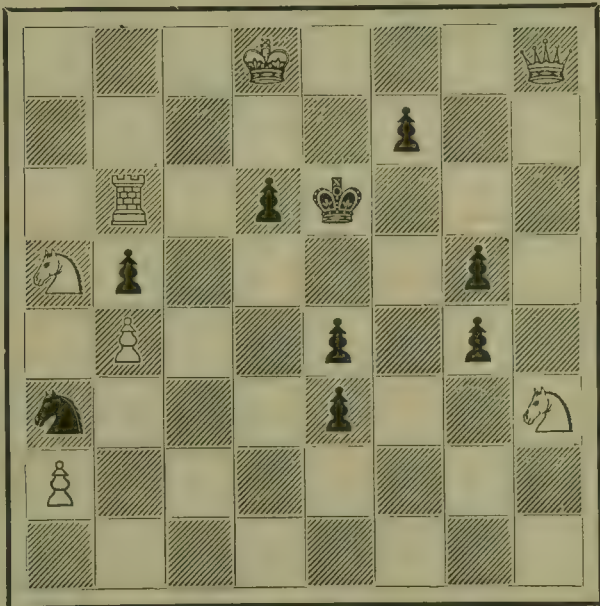
NOTE.—If Black play 1. B to Q 3rd, White continues with 2. Q to Q 3rd (ch); if 1. B to Kt sq, then 2. B takes Kt, and if 1. Kt moves, then 2. Kt to B 6th (ch), mating in each case on the third move.

PROBLEM No. 2264.

By JAMES RAYNER (Leeds).

(First Prize in the Yorkshire County Tourney.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

A RECENT GAME BETWEEN MESSRS. BURN AND POLLOCK.

The notes appended are by Mr. Pollock.

(Queen's Fianchetto.)

- |                |                |                  |                |
|----------------|----------------|------------------|----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. P.) | BLACK (Mr. B.) | WHITE (Mr. P.)   | BLACK (Mr. B.) |
| 1. P to K 4th  | P to Q Kt 3rd. | 15. Kt to Kt 5th | Kt to Kt 3rd   |
| 2. P to Q 4th  | B to Kt 2nd    | 16. Kt to B 6th  | P to K R 3rd   |
| 3. B to Q 3rd  | P to K 3rd     | 17. P to B 6th   | P takes K B P  |
| 4. B to K 3rd  |                | 18. Kt to R 7th  | P takes K P    |

In conjunction with P to K 3rd, this early development of the Queen's Bishop is a good line of play.

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|-----------------|---------------|
| 5. Kt to Q 2nd  | Kt to K B 3rd |
| 6. P to K B 3rd | B to K 2nd    |
| 7. Kt to K 2nd  | Castles       |
|                 | P to B 4th    |

A favourite move with the Rev. Mr. Owen, who, with Mr. Burn, ranks among our greatest authorities on the close opening.

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|---------------|------------|
| 8. P to B 3rd | P to Q 4th |
|---------------|------------|

Black is shaping the game after the modern Queen's opening; but, as second player, he is rather behind-hand, especially on the Queen's side, giving White opportunities for a strong attack.

- |                     |               |
|---------------------|---------------|
| 9. P to K 5th       | K Kt to Q 2nd |
| 10. P to K Kt 4th   | Kt to Q B 3rd |
| 11. P to K B 4th    | P to B 5th    |
| 12. B to Q B 2nd    | P to Q Kt 4th |
| 13. Q Kt to K B 3rd | P to Kt 5th   |
| 14. P to K R 4th    | P to Q R 4th  |
| 15. P to B 5th      |               |

Providing another attacking square for the Q Kt.

The award of the prizes in the Yorkshire County Club problem tourney has just been issued by the judges, Messrs. T. B. Rowland, J. White, and H. Cassel. The tourney was open only to Yorkshire composers, and there were twelve entries for the competition. The first prize has been awarded to Mr. James Rayner, of Leeds, and the second to Mr. J. Crake, of Hull. The other competitors placed are—T. G. Hart, of Hull; G. H. Taylor, of Leeds; and J. M. Brown, of Leeds. The first prize problem appears on our diagram this week and we append the second by Mr. Crake:—

White.—K at Q R 6th; Q at Q 7th; B's at K R 2nd and Q 3rd; Kt at Q B 3rd; Pawns at K Kt 5th, K 2nd, and K Kt 2nd. (Eight pieces.)

Black.—K at K 6th; R at K R 4th; B's at K 8th and Q R 5th; Pawns at K Kt 7th, K B 2nd and 5th, Q Kt 3rd and 4th. (Nine pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Captain Mackenzie left London, en route for New York, on Monday last, with hearty good wishes from the chessplaying fraternity of London.

We are glad to note that the new chess club at Kingstown, founded in October last, by Mr. T. B. Rowland, and other Dublin amateurs, has been a decided success. From the report recently submitted to the members, we learn that there is a substantial cash balance in the hands of the treasurer, and that the roll of members is increasing.

CONVERSATION.

"Conversation," says Shakspeare, "should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without affectation, free without indecency, learned without conceit, novel without falsehood." Such conversation is but too rare. Indeed, conversation, in ordinary circles, may be said to be a lost art. It is not cultivated as it was in the days of old, when wit was considered a necessary part of a fine gentleman's equipage. Conversational powers were then rated highly, and my Lord's latest epigram created at least as much interest as would now be caused by his descendant's last big score on the cricket-field. There have, of course, always been giants in this field as in every other. We remember Johnson, not by his works, but by the records of his conversation handed down to us by Boswell. We know what were the powers of Pope, of Swift, of Garrick. We can refer to the "Table-talk" of Coleridge and Leigh Hunt; of Lamb and Sydney Smith we have vivid recollections that make their discourse almost as charming to us as it was to their auditors. There were, too, varieties among these giants. Johnson overbore the company with his sledge-hammer style of talk, and Carlyle, it was said, would let no one speak but himself. In these, the fault was pardonable, and we agree with the writer who said that Coleridge was "entitled to speak on till Doomsday." Genius makes its own exceptions, but, as a rule, it is true that "there should never be a first fiddle in a private concert." Conversation, to be truly delightful, must not consist largely of a solo. Many must participate in the music, adding their share of harmony according to their differing natures and gifts. Conversation, in fact, should be a salad, judiciously mixed, and no one element preponderating. We all know the man who has his hobby to ride, the man who can only take an interest in his own particular "shop," the man who gushes, and he who would make life one prolonged sneer. These should be rigorously suppressed. There is the would-be wit who indulges in weak personalities, and the genial bore who tells long stories and muddles the point. These should be tamed; it is a shame to let such range wild through the pleasant pastures of converse. They only ruthlessly trample on the delicate flowers of wit and epigram, of fancy and imagination; and the perfume of poetry is lost upon them. Let only those converse who can do so with courtesy and self-restraint; let each submit his thought or experience for comment or judgment, and be willing, in his turn, to listen to the thoughts and experiences of others. The conversation of to-day is usually intensely heavy or exceedingly empty. The reason, probably, is not far to seek. Our newspapers do our conversation for us. If we are frivolous, we can find froth enough in the "society" journals; if we are seriously inclined, we turn, with a sigh—not of weariness, of course, but of conscious virtue—to the instructive weeklies; if we like harping on one string, there are plenty of "specialists" amongst our papers, and we can easily find one devoted to art, literature, sport, or what we will. There we can converse without any trouble, and, if we find matter contrary to our views, can silently ejaculate, "The man's a fool!"—and no harm is done. But in the days before newspapers were a power in the land colloquial discourse was a necessity. Then men conveyed news to men by word of mouth. Now everyone knows every thing before they meet, and the first freshness has worn off. People did not read "reviews" and "criticisms," but reviewed and criticised themselves; and the smartness on which a modern journalist prides himself was aimed at by all. The use of the sword tended to preserve amongst men more moderation and dignity in the choice of words than is now common, while the discerning approbation of fair women caused gallants, in times when all were gallants, to endeavour to appear as brilliant in conversation as they were dazzling in velvet and satin. They were as desirous of being a success in the art of drawing-room thrust and parry as their descendants are of shining at the pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham. But now-a-days conversation has lost its point, its sparkle, and its vivacity. Our wits, if we have any, keep their epigrams and "good things" for farcical comedies or *Punch*; our poets send their sonnets to magazines, instead of delighting Lady Amaranth's guests with them. In place of delightful conversationalists we get indifferent essayists and weak rhymsters, all rushing into print with pitiable precipitancy. For the drawing-room is as different from the press in its demands as is the amateur platform from the stage; and the talents which show so brightly in the smaller area are eclipsed in the wider sphere. What is left for the use of modern conversation is the small-talk of gossips, the scandal of clubs, the inanities of the ball-room, or the pedantries of specialists. At our "at homes" we are forced to call in the assistance of professional entertainers, for we are incapable of entertaining ourselves. It says something, perhaps, for society that it has at last awakened to the fact of its incompetence, and no longer forces us to listen to the slang of men fresh from the cricket-field or stable—more familiar with the pedigree of horses than the rules of the sonnet. It is not everyone who "could speak for hours, days, months, and years about the weather, without e'er becoming tiresome," and the weather is apt to crop up too often in the conversation of the present day. It is better to enjoy the strains of some divine songster, or a "petite comédie" interpreted by gifted actors.

The Salon of the past finds no true successor in the crush of modern receptions. Hands may meet there, but hardly minds. There are still little literary coteries whose reunions form a welcome oasis in the conversational desert; but the ordinary assemblies of fashion provide more wine than wit, and the gregarious instincts of society are satisfied by mixing without blending. In an old comedy a lady affected to distinguish a "gentleman" by his conversation, which, she affirmed, "could not be counterfeit." It is doubtful if the distinction holds good amongst us now-a-days. The discourse of our so-called "gentlemen" is usually marked by a singularly limited vocabulary of adjectives, and an alarming preponderance of interjections. Mere "talking," of course, is not conversation. Beatrice wonders that Signior Benedick will "evermore be talking"; but we should find no fault with our Benedicks if they talked with equal brilliancy.

It is by conversing that we have, usually, to find out the heart and mind of those we meet. It is the more regrettable that opportunities for such discourse are rare. What with our sports, our theatres, our concerts, our amateur entertainments, our "charitable" exhibitions of budding talent—the charity, it is understood, is not shown towards the audience—our balls, and other pastimes, we have little leisure for conversation, and Jonson and Shakspeare, had they been the lions of our era, would never have engaged in those "wit-combats" that so delighted their happy contemporaries. If we can talk, we must hide our gift; there is no time for more than persiflage.

For the benefit, then, of those who may be unduly anxious to prove the superiority of their conversation, we may repeat the advice of Lord Chesterfield:—"Never hold anyone by the button or the hand in order to be heard out; for if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue, than them."

C. W. Y.





WOMEN CRYING OUT "WELCOME!"



BEGGARS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAMP OF THE BRITISH MISSION.





DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNE.

"It is an old brooch," Mrs. Pamflett said, "a memento; and although it is not very valuable, it comes from my heart."

## MISER FAREBROTHER.\*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "IN A SILVER SEA," "GRIFF," "GREAT PORTER-SQUARE," &c.

### CHAPTER XVII.

FANNY CONFIDES A SECRET TO HER MOTHER.



THE visit of the Lethbridges to Parkside was an event of great importance. Neither Uncle Leth, Fanny, nor Bob had ever been there, and it was five or six years since Aunt Leth had set foot in it.

Of all the family she was the only one who would have been able to recognise

Miser Farebrother, and to say, "That is Phoebe's father." Nearly twenty years had elapsed since Uncle Leth had seen

the miser, and he was rather doubtful as to how he would be received, their last meeting not having been a pleasant one. Fanny was very curious and very nervous; Phoebe's father was a solemn, mysterious personage, a being apart, whose acquaintance she was now for the first time to make. What kind of looking gentleman was he? Their albums contained the portraits of their friends and relations, near and distant, some from infancy upwards; but the portrait of Miser Farebrother found no place therein. It is doubtful, indeed, whether he had ever had his portrait taken; certainly there was none extant. Even Phoebe did not possess one. It had been a tacit agreement among the Lethbridges not to refer in general conversation to Phoebe's father, and to Bob and Fanny he was an utter stranger in fact and sentiment. But now that they were to be brought into contact with him, he became an object of immediate interest to them.

"What shall we call him?" said Fanny to Bob. "Of course he is our uncle, and we ought to call him Uncle Farebrother."

Bob professed not to care—in which he was not ingenuous. "All that I've heard about him," he said, "is that he is known as Miser Farebrother."

"It won't do to call him that," said Fanny; "he would be offended, and might fly out at us. Ought I to kiss him?"

"Wait till you're asked," replied Bob. "He must be immensely rich."

"More shame for him," said Fanny, indignantly, "to keep Phoebe as short as he does. What does he do with all his money?"

"Wraps it up in old stockings, buries it, hides it in the

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chimneys, carries it in bags round his waist, stuffs his mattress with it. There was a miser found dead in a garret in Lambeth the other day, and though there wasn't a crust of bread in the room, they found four thousand pounds hidden away in teapots, mousetraps, nightcaps, old boots, and all sorts of rum places. He used to go about begging, and would snatch a bone from a dog."

"Miserable wretch!" cried Fanny. "I hope Uncle Farebrother isn't like that."

"Not exactly, I should say; but quite bad enough. He hasn't treated us very handsomely."

"Well, never mind," said Fanny. "We don't go to see him; we are going for Phoebe's sake."

Their anticipations of their uncle were not very glowing; but as they had been warned by their mother, what passed between them respecting him was regarded as confidential. To Phoebe they said not a word.

On the Saturday morning Mr. Lethbridge, on his way to the bank, had a little daydream. He and his wife and children had arrived at the railway station which led to Parkside, and had beguiled the journey by discussing how they should get to Miser Farebrother's house. Should they ride? Should they walk? Would Phoebe meet them? The question was settled for them immediately they alighted from the train. There was Phoebe, all smiles, and dressed most beautifully, even elegantly. And who should be by her side but her father, all smiles also, and elegantly dressed. He came forward in the pleasantest manner, and shook hands with everyone of them, and Phoebe whispered to Uncle Leth, "It is all nonsense about father being a miser. It was only fun on his part. He has been saving up for me, and you, and Aunt Leth, and all of us. You have no idea how good and kind he is." There was actually a carriage waiting for them, and they all got into it, and rode in jubilant spirits to Parkside: a mansion fit for a nobleman. Gables, turrets, mullioned windows, walls covered with old ivy, grounds and gardens most tastefully laid out—everything perfect. Footmen about, and pretty maids neatly dressed, music playing somewhere. There was a sumptuous dinner provided for them: wonderful dishes, the best of wine. The daydreamer made a speech, in which he dilated upon the happiness which Miser Farebrother had shed upon them, and how it was all the greater because of the delightful surprise which Phoebe's father had been for so many years preparing for them. Mr. Lethbridge's mental speeches were always marvels of oratory—not a word out of place, the turns most felicitous—and this speech at Miser Farebrother's dinner-table was even happier than usual. Then Miser Farebrother responded, and came out in a light so unexpected and agreeable that the place rang with cheers, and the music struck up "For he's a jolly good fellow," in which they all joined at the top of their voices. When the feast was ended Miser Farebrother asked him to step into his private room, and there, over a bottle of rare old port, he produced his will, which he read to the dreamer, and in which every member of the dreamer's family was handsomely provided for. He would not listen to the dreamer's expressions of gratitude. "Not a word, not a word," he said. "It has been a whim of mine to allow you to suppose I was mean and miserly and cruel, when all the time I have been overflowing with the milk of human kindness. Now we are all going to live happily together." Then they joined the young people in the grounds, where there was a marquee erected for the guests to dance in. There

was quite a gathering; numbers of ladies and gentlemen had been invited, and among them Fred Cornwall, who had returned from his holiday trip. The young lawyer was dancing now with Fanny, and Miser Farebrother said, "I shouldn't wonder if that was to be a match. When it is arranged, look out for a splendid wedding present from me"; and Fanny coming up, the miser pinched her cheek, and said something which made her blush. It was altogether a most exhilarating entertainment, and the union of the relations most harmonious. Of course, it was a lovely night, and as the dreamer arrived at the bank he said to himself, "I have passed the pleasantest day in my remembrance."

While he was at his desk a conversation took place at home between Fanny and her mother respecting Fred Cornwall. He had called upon the Lethbridges on the previous evening, and, although he was full of agreeable chat, he seemed disappointed at not finding Phoebe at her aunt's house. As he had said in his last letter to Fanny, he had brought presents home for all of them, and when Fanny twitted him privately with having nothing for Phoebe, he answered—

"Oh, yes, I have; but I must give them to her personally."

"To-morrow will be a capital time to give her a present," said Fanny.

"Is she coming here to-morrow?" asked Fred eagerly.

"No," replied Fanny, "we are all going to her at Parkside. It is her birthday."

"She did not leave me an invitation, I suppose?" said Fred.

"No," said Fanny; "but if I were a young gentleman I shouldn't wait for one."

"Wouldn't you?"

"No. I should make my way to Parkside, and take my presents with me, and give her a delightful surprise."

"Do you really think I might venture?"

"I shouldn't think twice about it," said Fanny vivaciously. "But you mustn't come with us, because, of course, we don't know anything about it. We shall be quite astonished when you make your appearance with a flourish of trumpets."

There and then the affectionate conspiracy was discussed and planned, and Fred said that Fanny was the dearest girl living, which Fanny disputed, asking how could she be when Phoebe stopped the way?

It was about noon on the Saturday that Fanny said to her mother—

"I am going to let you into a secret."

Aunt Leth's thoughts immediately travelled to Fred Cornwall. She had observed the whispered conference which had taken place on the previous night between the young man and her daughter, with their heads very close together, and she had formed her own conclusions; and now the secret was about to be revealed. Fred had been making serious love to Fanny; there could not be a doubt that this was Fanny's secret.

"Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Lethbridge, tenderly.

"It is about Mr. Cornwall," said Fanny.

"Yes, Fanny."

Despite her joy, a pang went right through her heart; it is always so with affectionate parents when the bolt really falls, and the contemplation of a beloved daughter leaving the happy home becomes a certainty.

"And Phoebe," said Fanny.

Mrs. Lethbridge's face underwent a change. In matters of the heart a woman's instincts are lightning-tipped.



"I have an idea," said Fanny, "that they are fond of each other."

Mrs. Lethbridge looked apprehensively at her daughter, but she saw in Fanny's face no despondency, no disappointment. On the contrary, it was radiant. The fond mother smiled.

"Only an idea, Fanny?" she asked.

"Only an idea, mother," said Fanny. "There has been nothing really serious said, but I am certain I am not mistaken. Now, confess, mother; you thought I was the magnet?"

"Well, my dear, I did have a suspicion, and it has been proved to be wrong."

"You are not sorry, mother?"

"No, my dear, so long as you are happy. That is my only care."

"I am perfectly happy, and I mean to die an old maid. Dear Phœbe! I do hope everything will turn out right."

"We all hope so, Fanny. I suppose I must not say anything to her?"

"Not for worlds, mother. You must wait till she speaks to you."

"I am not so sure, Fanny. She has no mother to confide in and to whom she can unreservedly open her heart. I must think over it, for her sake."

"If you thought Mr. Cornwall was good enough for me," said Fanny, "he is good enough for Phœbe."

"My dear, the cases are different."

"How different?"

"Mr. Cornwall knows our position. If it had been you instead of Phœbe, he would not have expected money with you. When people have arrived at the time of life which your father and I have reached, and have children whom they love as we love ours, they cannot help feeling a little disturbed at their want of fortune. Young men now-a-days look out for money; it is not as it used to be."

"It is with me, mother. I am an old-fashioned girl, and if a young man cast sheep's eyes at me it will be a satisfaction to know that it isn't my dowry that attracts him. And for my part, mother, I mean to marry for love—if I ever do marry."

"I am glad to hear you say so, my dear; they are the happiest marriages. Our life has been a happy one; never for one moment have I regretted marrying your father."

"I should think not, mother. Who is there in the world to compare with him?"

"There is not one, my dear. It would be difficult indeed to meet with a man so good, so unselfish, so devoted. But we were speaking of Phœbe. The cases are different, I said. Mr. Cornwall would have had no difficulty in obtaining our consent, had it been you instead of Phœbe. Have you forgotten that Phœbe has a father?"

"I did not think of him," said Fanny, a little depressed by the allusion. "But what objection could he have to Mr. Cornwall?"

"That is not for us to say. Phœbe's father is a peculiar man, and he may have views for Phœbe of which we are ignorant. Mr. Cornwall's suit will rest with him, not with us."

"Mr. Cornwall is a gentleman."

"Undoubtedly; and, so far as I can judge, calculated to make a girl happy. But that is not the question."

"What is the question, mother?"

"Money. Fanny, what I am about to say must not pass out of this room."

"Very well, mother."

"Phœbe's father may say to Mr. Cornwall, 'You ask for my daughter's hand. How much money have you got?'"

"What a coarse way of putting it!" exclaimed Fanny, disdainfully.

"I am aware of it, but for Phœbe's sake I am trying to think it out in the way it will happen. I have never inquired into Mr. Cornwall's circumstances; but they are not very flourishing at present, are they?"

"I don't think they are."

"I know they are not. He and your father have had conversations which lead me to the belief that he earns just a sufficient income to keep himself comfortably."

"He is very clever in his profession; and there is the future."

"That is one of the things I am thinking of," said Mrs. Lethbridge, gravely: "the future. 'How much money have you got?' Phœbe's father will ask him; and when the young man answers honestly—as Mr. Cornwall is sure to do—Phœbe's father will say, 'As you have no money of your own, you come after my daughter's.' I am very much afraid of it, Fanny. I pray that there is no trouble in store for her."

"Mother, you frighten me." Fanny experienced at that moment a feeling of terror at the conspiracy into which she and Fred Cornwall had entered, which was to result in Fred's unexpected appearance at Parkside with birthday presents for Phœbe. She did not dare to refer to it, so she kept the secret locked in her breast.

"I do not wish to frighten you, my dear," said Mrs. Lethbridge, "and perhaps, after all, I am only raising bugbears. Let us hope for the best."

"We will," said Fanny, brightening up instantly; she was like an April day; the least glimpse of sunshine brought gladness to her. "And now, mother, just one word."

"Well, my dear."

"If Mr. Cornwall proposes to Phœbe—which he will—and if she accepts him—which she will—and if he speaks to Phœbe's father, and Phœbe's father will not hear of it, what is to be done?"

"My dear child, you are putting a riddle to me."

"What I want to know is," said Fanny, very determinedly, "whether, if Phœbe's father refuses his consent, Phœbe ought to marry without it?" She felt that she had achieved a triumph in putting it so clearly.

"Would you marry without ours?" asked Mrs. Lethbridge.

"Mother, be logical, as Fred Cornwall says. Did you not say yourself that the cases are different?"

"Yes, I did," replied the perplexed mother.

"Well, there it is then," said Fanny; and, as her mother did not speak, she relentlessly opened another broadside: "If an honourable gentleman really and truly loves a young lady, and if a young lady really and truly loves him in return, and if they are worthy of each other, and if there is a fair prospect of his getting along in the world in an honourable profession, and of their being truly happy together, ought they not to marry in spite of a miserly hunk of a father?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Lethbridge, "let us drop the subject, and hope for the best."

"Thank you, mother. We know that Phœbe is not happy at home."

"It is so, unfortunately."

"And we know that our home is hers if she should ever be without one."

"Yes, my dear."

"Then, my own dearest mother," said Fanny, putting her arms round the good mother's neck, and showering kisses upon her, "there is nothing more to be said."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### MRS. PAMFLETT DEVELOPS A SUDDEN AFFECTION FOR PHŒBE.

Uncle Leth's daydream was not realised—but then his daydreams never were. When he and his family, travelling third class, reached the station for Parkside, there was no Miser Farebrother to receive them with open arms and a carriage. Phœbe was there, and that was quite as good—almost more than they expected. She was a favourite with the station-master and ticket-takers, who always admitted her to the platform, whether the gates were closed or not; and the Lethbridges, looking out of the window, saw her waving her handkerchief to them, and running along the platform, the moment they were in sight. Then there was such a kissing and hugging as made the hearts of the unenvious ones glad to witness and the mouths of the envious ones to water, wishing they had a free ticket to participate in an entertainment so delightful.

"It is good of you to come and meet us," said Fanny. "I was wondering all the way whether you would."

"I did not know whether I should be able," said Phœbe, in a flutter of excitement; "but Mrs. Pamflett has been very kind. I hardly liked to ask her to help me with the tea; but she came and offered of her own accord, and said perhaps I would like to go and meet my friends. So here I am."

Mr. Lethbridge opened his ears upon mention of Mrs. Pamflett, and he was glad to hear so good an account of her. An act of thoughtfulness and good nature from her was a guarantee for her son, who had discounted his acceptance for three hundred pounds for the dramatic author and Kiss.

They had all brought modest birthday presents for Phœbe, which they handed to her at once, with flowers and kisses and the best of affectionate wishes. Bob was in the seventh heaven in consequence of being allowed a share in the kissing business.

"I did not have time to write to you last night," whispered Fanny to Phœbe. "He has come home; and had tea with us. He is looking so well; brown, and handsomer than ever. What a perfectly lovely day!"

They walked to Parkside, expressing pleasure at everything—at the weather, at the scenery, at the pretty village, at the children, at the cottages, at the church—all of which, it seemed to the little party, had put on a holiday garb in honour of Phœbe. The flowers were brighter, the sunlight clearer, the birds sang more sweetly, as they walked and talked, each of the Lethbridges claiming a share in Phœbe's society, and each obtaining it. Now with Bob, now with Fanny, now with Aunt Leth, now with Uncle—she ran from one to another, chatting gaily, and bursting out into snatches of song. It was her day, her very own, a day of sunshine without and within.

Mrs. Pamflett's amiability needs a word of explanation. The conversation she had had with her son Jeremiah had opened her eyes as to his intentions; and both to please him and to win Phœbe's favour, she had offered to assist the young girl. But for Jeremiah's sake, she would not have dreamt of such a thing. She had lain awake half the night thinking of the conversation, and she had come to the conclusion that it would be a fine match for Jeremiah. Much as she had disliked Phœbe, she admired her son for his ambition. Miser Farebrother's "aching of bones" was growing worse every week, every day; suffering as he did, it would soon be impossible for him to give any personal attention to his business in London. No one understood it, no one could attend to it but Jeremiah. What, then, was more feasible than Jeremiah's scheme of becoming Miser Farebrother's son-in-law? "To think," she mused in the night, "that I never entered my mind! But Jeremiah's got a head on him. He will be a millionaire, and I shall be a lady!" The idea of a repulse—that Phœbe would not think Jeremiah good enough for her—never occurred to Mrs. Pamflett; if it had, she would have rejected it with scorn. What! her son, her bright boy—handsome, shrewd, and clever—not good enough for the best lady in the land! A little chit like Phœbe might consider herself lucky that such a man as Jeremiah should condescend to her. "I can't, for the life of me, see," she mused, "why Jeremiah should be so taken with her; but there's no accounting for a man's fancies. And then, he said he wasn't particular. Ah! Jeremiah knows what he's about." All her hopes, all her desires, all her ambitions, being centred in her bright boy, she determined to assist him by every means in her power. She commenced the next morning, on this happy birthday; and, to Phœbe's surprise, wished her a happy birthday and many returns of them, and offered to relieve the young girl of all responsibility in the preparing of the tea for her friends. Phœbe met her advances gladly. On such a day, no suspicion of sinister motives could occur to a nature so sweet, so pure, so innocent; and when Mrs. Pamflett asked her to accept a brooch, she received it with a pleasant feeling of gratitude. "It is an old brooch," Mrs. Pamflett said, "a memento; and, although it is not very valuable, it comes from my heart." There was a certain literal truth in this, because the brooch was one which Mrs. Pamflett was in the habit of wearing; it might not have been considered a very suitable gift for a young girl like Phœbe, as it contained a lock of some dead-and-gone person's hair, arranged as a feather or a curl over a tombstone. Once upon a time, it doubtless had a meaning, and might have brought a light of joy or sorrow to special human eyes; but, the memories which sanctified it being deadlier than the deadliest ghost that superstition could conjure up, it certainly could not be considered a suitable gift for Phœbe. Its fatal meaning for her lay in the future.

When Mrs. Pamflett said to Phœbe that perhaps she would like to go and meet her friends at the railway-station, she thought it likely that Jeremiah would be in the train. He had not told her by which train he was coming, and her desire was to give him an opportunity of walking home with Phœbe. She did not betray herself when she saw Phœbe return in the company of the Lethbridges, and without Jeremiah. She possessed a gift invaluable to sly, secretive natures—the gift of absolute self-repression. Phœbe introduced Mrs. Pamflett to her friends. Aunt Leth was already acquainted with her, and was astonished at the graciousness and amiability of the housekeeper, her previous experience of her having been quite the reverse. Uncle Leth nodded, and said, "How d'ye do?" but Fanny was rather stiff—"appish," as Mrs. Pamflett subsequently told her son.

"Tea will not be ready for half an hour or so," said Mrs. Pamflett, aside to Phœbe. "I have set it up-stairs in your favourite room."

This was the room of which Phœbe was so fond, with the strange carvings and the beautiful group of angels' heads in it, and she murmured words of thanks to the housekeeper.

"I want you to love me," said Mrs. Pamflett. "If you find that my only wish is to please you, perhaps you will."

"Indeed I will," said Phœbe; and thought, poor child, "Perhaps my father will love me too."

She asked the Lethbridges to wait a moment or two, and she went to her father's room.

"Aunt and uncle are here," she said, "and my cousins."

"What is that to do with me?" he asked surlily.

"May they come up and see you, father?"

"No," he replied; "I can't be bothered. They wish to see me as little as I wish to see them."

While this last question was being asked and answered Mrs. Pamflett entered the room.

"I think you should see them, sir," she said.

Phœbe looked at her gratefully. The miser leant back in his chair, and from under his eyebrows warily fixed his gaze upon his housekeeper.

"Why?" he asked.

"As a mark of politeness," said Mrs. Pamflett. "Mr. Lethbridge and your nephew and niece have never been here before, and they might think it rude of you."

"Do I care if they do?" he snarled.

"It is not that," she answered calmly, "but it is Miss Phœbe's birthday."

He continued to gaze at her, but his eyes became still more wary, and he appeared to be considering what possible motive she could have in thus enlisting on Phœbe's side.

"Mrs. Pamflett is very kind," said Phœbe, nervously, "but if you don't wish, father"—

"I wish to do what is right," he said, very coolly now, as was his habit when he was opposed.

"We all know that," said Mrs. Pamflett, in a voice as composed as his own. "You always do what is right. Mr. and Mrs. Lethbridge and their children are going to have tea with Miss Phœbe in honour of her birthday, and I have been getting it ready, and am going to wait on them. You ought to join them. I have set a chair for you at the head of the table."

"Oh, father, if you would!" implored Phœbe, clasping her hands.

"You wish it?" he asked of her, but not removing his eyes from Mrs. Pamflett's face.

"Yes, father, yes; if you would only be so good!"

"And you wish it?" he asked of Mrs. Pamflett.

"For Miss Phœbe's sake I do," replied Mrs. Pamflett, without so much as winking an eyelid.

"Not for your own?"

"I have told you what I think."

"Let it be so," said Miser Farebrother; "Phœbe, I will take tea with you and your friends."

"Oh, papa!" In her gratitude the affectionate girl—only too ready to give love for love—threw her arms round her father's neck and kissed him.

"There, there!" he said, pushing her away, "go down to your friends. You can stop, Mrs. Pamflett."

Phœbe ran down-stairs to convey the good news to the Lethbridges and Mrs. Pamflett and the miser were left together.

"Now, Mrs. Pamflett," he said abruptly, "what is all this about?"

"I do not understand you," was her reply.

"You understand me thoroughly," he said. "I can't see through a millstone, but I can see through you."

"Then why do you ask me to explain anything?" she retorted.

"You have lived here sixteen years," he said, "and think you know me as well as I am sure I know you. Because I have never interfered with you, because I have allowed you to do as you like"—

She interrupted him here. "Have I ever wasted a penny of your money?"

"To my knowledge, no. If you had you would have heard of it."

"Yes; that is very certain. Every farthing spent in this house has been accounted for in the book which you look over every week. You would find it hard to get anybody in my place."

"Oh, that is it. You threaten to leave me."

"You are not only mistaken, you know you are stating an untruth. Yes, an untruth." The words denoted indignation, but it was not expressed in her voice or manner.

"Is that a proper way to speak to me?" he cried.

"I pass no opinion," was her unimpassioned reply. "If you are tired of me, or if I do not please you, you can send me away."

"You would go?"

"I should be bound to go. What else could I do? If I refused you could call in the police."

"You are bent upon exasperating me, I see. You know I could not do without you."

"I know it."

"And that is why you are impudent to me."

"You have never found me so."

"Because I am bound to you hand and foot, because you know my ways, having grown into them, because I depend upon you and trust you, because I am weak and ill and dependent, you think you can twist me about as you like. You shall find that you are mistaken."

"Do you wish me to leave Parkside to-night? I will go and get ready."

He glared at her. "Well, why don't you go?"

"I am waiting for orders. Give them, and I will obey you—as I have obeyed you in everything else."

"You have no more wish to leave me," he said, laughing scornfully, "than I have that you should. You could no more do without me than I could do without you."

"There may be a balance," she said, "and it may be to my credit. You seem to be angry because I have made an endeavour to please your daughter."

"Have you ever endeavoured to please her before to-day?" he asked slyly.

"Have you," she retorted, "ever taken the trouble to ascertain?"

He paused a while before he spoke. "Having been imprisoned up here, out of sight of things, with no eyes for anything beyond this room, you may think I haven't known what is going on in my house. You are mistaken—egregiously mistaken—as mistaken as your son, Jeremiah, who, perhaps, has an idea that I do not know when I am absent what is going on in my office in London."

"Do you wish him to leave as well as me?" said Mrs. Pamflett; the conspicuous and amazing feature of her speech was that she made these propositions as though they did not in the slightest degree affect her, or any person in whom she was interested. "With his talents for business he will not have the least difficulty in obtaining a position of trust elsewhere."

"I have unmasked you," said Miser Farebrother; "you have a design. Out with it."

"I have no design," said Mrs. Pamflett, "except your interests; and if it happens that your interests and ours"—

"And ours!" he cried.

"And ours," she repeated. "If it happens that our interests are identical, it should rather please than anger you. You say that you are bound hand and foot to me. That is a compliment, and I am obliged to you; but supposing it to be true, I am as much bound hand and foot to you, and so is my son Jeremiah. It may be in your power to so chain him to you that he would become an absolute slave to your interests."

"Interests again!" he exclaimed impatiently. "Always interests—nothing but interests!"



"Well," said Mrs. Pamflett, "what do we live for? What do you live for?"

This was a home-thrust indeed, and Miser Farebrother accepted it in good part. Despite the outward aspect of this singular conversation, it was not entirely disagreeable to him. He appreciated the services of Mrs. Pamflett and her son; he knew that he could not replace them; he had not left it to the present hour to reckon up their monetary value.

"To come back to Phoebe," he said, "what is all this about? No beating about the bush—plain speaking."

"I love her," said Mrs. Pamflett, "as a daughter."

"And Jeremiah is your only son."

"My only son. The best, the brightest, the cleverest man in England! And devoted to you, body and soul."

"I am infinitely obliged to you," said Miser Farebrother, with a malicious grin; "I will think about it."

(To be continued.)

## SKETCHES IN FIJI.

Since the annexation, in 1874, of the Fiji Islands to the British Empire, the condition of the native population has been much improved; but an epidemic of measles, some years ago, proved fatal to 40,000 of them. Being situated in the South Pacific Ocean, between the fifteenth and twentieth degrees of latitude below the equator, and in longitude extending two or three degrees both east and west of the meridian opposite to our own, these islands may be reckoned nearly the most remote part of the Queen's dominions, though New Zealand lies a thousand miles farther to the south. Fiji is about the centre of Polynesia, and is the meeting-point of the two different races, the Melanesian or blackish negroid race of the Western Pacific, and the light brown people of the Tonga and other insular nations, probably akin to those of the Society group. Both those types are represented in the physical features of natives of the many small and two large islands occupying the wide space of the Fiji archipelago, but they seem blended in one nation, the history of which, beyond this century, remains unknown. Its numbers are reduced to 115,000, whose capacity for industrial civilisation is very questionable, though cannibalism has been discontinued, and the Wesleyan and other missionaries have gained influence in populous districts, while tribal wars and massacres are stopped by the British Government. In other respects, for the most part, they still practise their former peculiar customs and usages, which have repeatedly been described, and some Illustrations of which, from sketches by Mr. R. F. Spence, are presented to our readers.

One of their favourite social pleasures is the assembling of a party for the drinking of a mildly intoxicating and rather nasty beverage, called in some islands "yagona," in others "kawa," which is a fermented liquor produced from an infusion of the chewed root of the *piper methysticum*, a plant indigenous to the country. Several young men are employed, previously to this entertainment, in chewing portions of the root, which they reduce to a pulpy mass and deposit in the large festal bowl; it is there mashed, and water is poured over it; the liquor soon begins to ferment, and is strained and squeezed through a mat of fibrous material, from which it is returned to the bowl. The host and guests, who have sat watching these processes while engaged in friendly converse, or listening to songs, are then invited to drink; each has brought his own cup, formed perhaps of half a cocoanut shell, which he dips in the common bowl; toasts and sentiments are proposed, and they seem to enjoy it as Europeans do their champagne. It has rather a narcotic than an exciting effect; and we should be sorry to hear that the Fijians had given up their yagona and taken to rum.

Dancing is an amusement of which they are very fond. The native fine lady in our second sketch, being a convert to Christianity, wears ample clothing for decency, but her wide skirts and train show as much adornment as those displayed in any London or Paris ball-room; though she is bare-footed as well as bare-bosomed, she is a highly respectable matron. The native war-dance, performed by men of rank and military prowess attired in all their martial bravery, wielding the stone battle-axe in mimic action of conflict, with fierce yells of rage and defiance, is quite a different affair. There are other dances in great variety, and the diversions of racing, wrestling, swinging, and playing a sort of golf with flat stones, are much in vogue.

The portraits of two Fiji Chiefs, sketched by Mr. Spence, prove that the higher class of natives are not ill-looking. They have as much pride of aristocratic birth and long pedigree as any European nobility, and are extremely polite and punctilious in their manners towards one another. The men are seldom or never tattooed in their faces, but most of the women undergo that painful and fantastic decoration. Their complexion is a dark ashy grey. The native masculine dress, shown in Sketch 4, is becoming and convenient, being simply a long scarf passed down between the legs, folded round the loins and waist, and its end brought over one shoulder and tucked in at the waist; a turban is wrapped around the head. But some persons of superior dignity, instead of the turban, have the unclipped mass of thick hair wrought by skilful artists into what looks like an enormous wig, often rising into cones or pyramids of hair, dyed of several colours, and spreading wide at the sides and back of the head. The man represented in Sketch 7 has put on a common European flannel shirt, but still wears his hair dressed in the fashion of his race.

These islanders are the best canoe and boat builders in the South Pacific, though surpassed as navigators by those of Tonga or the Friendly Isles. Double canoes, with a platform fixed across both hulls—like the Castalia steam-boat which plies from Dover to Calais—are a Fijian invention, and simple outriggers are used for sailing in their often high-running sea. They can build a good boat, 100 ft. long and over 20 ft. broad, with 14 ft. depth to the keel, by fastening its planks together with a binding of cocoanut fibre ropes, stitched or sewn through rows of holes bored in the edges of the planks. They manage both sails and oars with great dexterity, and might no doubt be trained with advantage as seamen for the Australasian merchant service. Both sexes are good swimmers and divers; and the business of fishing with nets is usually done by the women, who make it a regular frolic, which may be observed in the view of a lively scene at Levuka, the well-known harbour of the isle of Ovalau.

The Home Secretary having decided on Saturday last that there were no reasons for interfering with the execution of the sentence of death in the case of Israel Lipski, the prisoner on Sunday made a full confession of his guilt to the Rev. S. Singer, stating that he entered the room for the purpose of theft. Lipski was hanged on Monday morning.

The Peninsular and Oriental Company have decided to follow their new departure in the way of cheap trips to India by one to Australia. For one hundred guineas they will take a passenger to Australia and back, accommodating him in the first saloon. The voyage is calculated to occupy about ninety days, and a stay of ten or twelve days can be made in the colonies, or the passenger may, if he chooses, prolong his stay for six months without further charge.

## THE SOUTH STACK LIGHTHOUSE.

Few people, *en route* for Dublin or London, care to pass much time in Holyhead. Apart from its situation, it is not, in fact, a pleasant place. It is vulgarly cosmopolitan, like other sea-ports, and well peopled by tanned men of the amphibious class, with rings in their ears, nothing very pressing to do, and not at all finical in the matter of oaths. Smiths, Evanses, O'Kellys, and Macdonalds are all equally at home here; and so far from being respected for his long lineage, the Welshman is even apt to be bullied in his native town. The street boys are sharp to resent the assumption that they are Cumry. Either their minds are debauched by the sight of strutting redjackets and silly jovial tars, or else they know and care nothing about the abstract inheritance that goes with paternity. Their wits, too, are more in touch with the wits of London than those of boys in hamlets already within the grip of the skirts of the metropolis.

But from the town it is worth while to climb to the crest of Caer Gybi, the mountain of the island, which terminates abruptly in the sea. It is about 700 ft. in height, heather clad, with some hollows which show traces of early building. Doubtless, the ancient Britons, who spent much of their superabundant energy in the rearing of forts in impossible places, had a breezy station on Caer Gybi. But the woods which then covered the lowlands of Holyhead are now stripped away, except where the lord of the manor has his estate south-east of the town. The surface of the island consists of a number of bronze, green, and yellow patches, broken irregularly by rocks and heather, just like Anglesey, than which it is hardly less nude. South of it the sea sparkles to the foot of the Snowdonian mountains, a long grey ridge against the sky.

The precipitous cliffs of the Caer Gybi mass, where they fall to the sea, are sentinelled by the two famous lighthouses of the North and South Stack, the latter facing to the west, and called "the South" Stack for the sake of euphony. The bombardments of the sea in winter here are something to remember, say the lighthouse men.

One descends to the South Stack from the mainland by a tortuous defile of nearly 400 steps, roughly cut in the hard scoriated matrix, and in places affording vantage positions for glimpses down the straight walls of crimson and purple rock of eccentric strata, which are eternally chafed at the base by the sea. On the day of my visit the lighthouse was taking in coal. Five score sacks were in process of deportation on the shoulders of two steaming coalheavers, one by one. Considering the heat of the day, the 400 steps to be climbed and descended fifty times by each of the men, methought no galley slaves could be harder set. At the bottom of the steps one rings a big bell, and wonders whether its tongue will be able to outshriek the whistling sea-birds darting and soaring around. The birds are on the eve of departure for other climes. Their six months' visit to the Stacks is at an end. They have mated, and reared such of their offspring as are sound in body and spirit, and in one grand company, razor-bills, cormorants, guillemots, and gulls will, in the course of a few hours, start to show the youngsters something of the world. Hence their hubbub just now is appalling. As for the weakly birds, or those yet unfledged, they will be offered as a sacrifice to the spirit of punctuality which inspires the community: the peregrine falcons domiciled at the top of the cliffs will make a point of eating them as soon as their parents are out of the way.

The lighthouse-keeper who answers the bell is a kindly but melancholy man. He is the chief of three who, with their families, make up a total population of thirteen or fourteen souls. These, with the few sheep that pick among the stones until there is domestic demand for mutton, the two goats that supply milk for the children, and an affectionate sheepdog, compose the fixed colony of the South Stack. For six months they have the screams of the sea-birds in their ears, predominant over every other sound; autumn and winter bring the waves and spray upon them for days at a time to such a tune that they must shout to talk; and, as accompaniment to the storm, from the very midst of their habitation, booms a deep and dolorous bell, tons in weight, the clapper of which works to and fro by machinery.

"Ah, Sir, 'tis a wild life," says the keeper, with a mournful sigh. Not even wife and children, plenty to eat, condensed water, sheaves of tracts sent through the post by considerate British ladies, and the occasional enjoyment of calm summer days, free from technical anxiety, can reconcile the man to such exile.

One crosses from the mainland to the Stack rock by a suspension bridge. It has two stone buttresses for supports, iron balustrades painted red, and several strong black cables firmly welded into the rocks. Its span and height over the water are about the same—a hundred feet; and one looks down at the green, thickish water racing between the rocks, and the dark red-brown shading of the clusters of sea-weed, deepening the colour of the water, and admires the pluck of the early tenants of the lighthouse, who went backwards and forwards on a common rope in a basket. From the level of the bridge, the Stack gradually rises towards the lighthouse which crowns it, with the white dwellings of the keepers, the machinery stores, &c., in a quadrangle against it. The total area of the rock is only a few hundred square feet; and it falls precipitously into the foaming sea on all sides of it, though at low tide there is a cavern through it which is explorable.

Certainly a man ought to study his temperament before he attempts lighthouse-keeping, above all professions. Oiling machinery, cleaning glass, and burnishing lamps, form but a trifle of the inevitable tax upon the human energies. A few days earlier I had visited the Penmon Lighthouse, on the coast of Anglesey. There I had found a man who seemed the *beau-ideal* of a keeper. He was calm, self-respectful, cheery, and as resourceful as Robinson Crusoe. Instead of brooding over the tiresome dullness of his unemployed hours he kept his mind and hands constantly at work. He made pencil notes and objections on the tracts which came to him by post, kept records of the movements of the sea-birds, and corresponded thereanent with ornithological societies; observed the very sea-insects which clambered up the column of the building, and from their habits deduced their consciousness of impending meteorological changes; procured clumps of old ivy-roots from the mainland, and worked and varnished them into fancy occasional tables, &c. He was a man in a thousand, and his house an interesting museum. Whereas my poor friend of the South Stack bears his troubles heavily, and is not above regretting that the fog-bell makes such a noise in the night at times, and that the heat of the light-room, with all its lamps at full pressure, at midnight comes so near 80 deg. As some slight set off to these annoyances, however, he happens to have caught a monstrous conger-eel this morning while fishing from the bridge.

"The life is healthy?" I remark, to distract him from his gloom.

"Yes, indeed it is," is his sorrowful reply, and then he groans anew. He is resolved to see compensation nowhere. With him, as with Epictetus, a long life means a long imprisonment.

O. E.

## A TALK OF MANY THINGS.

George Herbert, writing about sermons, says that when the man wants sense, God gives a text, and preaches patience. There are other texts quite worth considering, sometimes, that are not read from the pulpit. I was in a country church one hot Sunday during this hot summer, when I learnt a wise lesson, or might have learnt one. High up in the rafters of the timbered roof was a swallow's nest, with three unfledged birdlings waiting, I fear, with far more eagerness to be fed than the clergyman's flock below. Through the open door the parent birds came and went with untiring rapidity, carrying food to the nest on every visit. And so I left the church with a sermon in my head, thinking in how many strange ways we may gather up crumbs of wisdom in our passage through this world. Don't be afraid, reader—I never wagged my head in a pulpit; nor shall I now. I leave it to the swallows.

But this incident has led me to think how much preaching is going on in the world that is wholly independent of pulpits. There is a keen sense just now that things in this dear England, "this sceptred isle," are not ordered as they should be. We are approaching the end of the nineteenth century, an age especially distinguished for material improvements; nevertheless we are still deficient in some of the common necessities of life. With all our boasted civilisation we cannot keep our towns free from smoke, or our rivers from impurity. The noble river that rolls through London is in some places little better than a sewer; and the Tyne at Newcastle has been well described as a vast mass of leaden water polluted with every foulness and flowing "between banks of blackish cinders, of white poisonous chemical refuse, or, worst of all, of what was once pure live soil, now stained and deadened into something unnatural whereon the very weeds refuse to grow."

In small as well as great things we English are a much-enduring race. We submit to impositions with admirable serenity. Once on a time—it was, I believe, in the idle period of the political year—there was a prolonged and elaborate discussion with regard to the charges for service at hotels, and it was suggested as a cure for much perplexity and annoyance that a fixed sum should be charged in the bill. We all know the result of this apparently sensible arrangement. The amount for attendance is charged in full measure, but bold must that traveller be who ventures to leave his inn without paying it twice over. Then, again, an innocent passenger by train might naturally suppose that the railway companies pay their servants sufficiently for their labour, and in the golden days porters were strictly forbidden to take gratuities. Now, alas! public porters and railway directors are alike demoralised. Take another illustration of an evil that affects many people, and peremptorily calls for reform. In the old coaching and posting days it was reasonable enough that a London physician, when asked to a consultation in the country, should charge a guinea a mile, but now that he can be carried fifty miles in little more than one hour, the fee is altogether out of proportion to the labour and time expended. Medical men are far indeed from mercenary, but it is very natural that they should follow the rule of the profession, and I submit, though with a layman's diffidence, that it is one needing to be altered.

Sympathy with suffering is a prominent sign of the age, and this sympathy, especially for our "fellow-mortals" the brutes, is carried in some cases to an extravagant extent. We forget that though they have the strongest claim on us for kindness, and we are under no circumstances justified in misusing them, they have not the same claim as human beings. Over-tenderness of this kind is, however, a generous failing, but in the expression of it there should be at least consistency. Yet I am credibly informed that at a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which was largely attended by the aristocracy, by far the larger number of the horses that carried these tender-hearted people were tortured with *bearing-reins*! Truly did Sir Arthur Helps say that the thoughtless cruelty of the world outweighs all the rest. Why, there are good Christian people who go to Church on Sundays, and eat *pâté-de-foies-gras*; people who will sit up all night watching the dying sighs of a spaniel, and are unsentimental enough to eat larks. Human nature, you see, is compounded of strange materials; indeed, its very consistency lies in being inconsistent.

I wonder how many people intend to go abroad this summer who know in their heart of hearts that they would be far happier in England. It is a pity they do not remember old Thomas Fuller's advice to know their own country well before going over the threshold. The beauty of this "little isle, set in the silver sea," is, indeed, exhaustless, and no amount of familiarity will diminish its charm. There is nothing that endears our American cousins to me more than the warm enthusiasm they show for every "coign of vantage" in the old country. Not an old stone or ivy-covered park paling, or crumbling wall or barn-roof yellow with lichen, or ancestral home, in which generation after generation has lived and died, but these youthful cousins look on it with affection; not a spot famous in history or song that they fail to visit with the reverence of pilgrims! But too many of us are, I fear, so near to our treasures and things of fame that we fail to observe them.

And this fact of contiguity is the reason, perhaps, why it seems wellnigh impossible for a man to understand his own age. We really do not know in the least what are the peculiar features of the Victorian era that will most strike our descendants in the twentieth century; possibly we can but dimly guess what names famous in literature, politics, and art will be most famous then. There are influences at work of which, in our ignorance, we take little note, that may prove the most potent of all for evil or for good in the coming years. The men who make history seem to do so blindly. We may be quite sure that when the Parliamentarians were eager to make terms of peace with Charles in 1642, neither the Puritans nor the King had the faintest suspicion of the terrible way in which the struggle between them would terminate. And the dastard Englishmen who at the beginning of our century declared Napoleon's power to be irresistible, and advised submission, little thought that in a few years the might of England would have secured the liberties of Europe. Indeed, what work is there of which the men who take part in it can see the end. We raise a fabric for what seems a temporary purpose, and it remains for lasting service. On the other hand, we build "with what we deem eternal rock," and "a distant age asks where the fabric stood." J. D.

The International Exhibition at Glasgow will be opened in May next year.

The bazaar recently held in aid of the building fund of Walmer new parish church realised a net amount of over £400.

Several detachments of Volunteer Engineer Corps went into camp last Saturday at Upnor, near Rochester, for a week's instruction in the ordinary duties of the service, such as are performed by the Royal Engineers.

At the Middlesex Sessions, Robert Felton has been found guilty of the charge of stealing a quantity of jewellery belonging to Tomisa, Lady Meux, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude.





1. Fijians Drinking "Kawa" or "Yagona."  
2. Fijian Dressed for a Dance.

3. Fijian Canoe-sailing.  
4. A Fiji Chief.

5. Native Dressed for a War Dance.  
6. Women Fishing in Levuka Harbour.

7. A Chief.





"FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED."

DRAWN BY EDWARD R. KING.



## PENHOLDERS.

In tracing the evolution and history of the world, both from social and literary standpoints, it is a remarkable fact that so exceedingly small a share of notice has fallen to the part that penholders have played in its formation. It is a matter of vulgar faith, we believe, that the idiosyncrasies of the individual make themselves apparent in his choice of the penholder. This is, in our opinion, a total misconception of the true state of the case, it being, in reality, the penholder that influences the individual, and consequently the objective development of mental and psychological processes. Therefore, those who are interested in educational science, and who desire to see the attributes of young minds unfolded in their highest degree, should exercise the utmost supervision over the penholders that find their way into infant hands, and should as rigidly exclude certain specimens of the genus from the school-room pen-box as they would "Jack Sheppard," from the boys' book-shelf, or an unabridged translation of Zola from that of the girls.

The penholder proper is, of course, a modern institution. But, then, so is electricity; so is modern science; so is artistic culture; and so are many things which figure in everyday life, as we now know it, yet which have been equally existent truths since the beginning of time. Now, certainly since the period in which Moses was a prominent political factor, and probably long before, a varying percentage of the human race have practised the art of calligraphy. It is difficult to imagine how this could have been done without a handle for the actual instrument of writing. There was an epoch at which epistolary communication and literary effort was made upon trays of wax, and scratched with an iron point. Under such circumstances as this it is impossible to conceive the sweet refinements of a love-letter, or the tender pathos of a poem in a minor key. Graven thus, we could only have the laconic story of a battle, or a brief record of severest justice. Could anything that was not harsh and stern be inscribed with an article approximating to a latter-day skewer? Then, later on in the history of literature, there was a flowery day, when missals were patiently illuminated and fair colours were lavished on vellum, telling of love in sunny Italy as Boccaccio viewed it, or of fancy and wit from Chaucer's keen brain. But how were these written? Ah, then it was truly *l'art pour l'art*! With paint-brush and etching-point in hand, no wonder that a man could write, or rather make trace, of prayer and angelic rapture, of mystical vision and contemplation, of passion, and of chivalry and beauty. Then came the age—a very long one—of the quill. There is a kind of gravity of thought that is induced when "Nature's noblest gift, the grey goose-quill" is between the fingers. Look at the ponderous tomes that came from the pens of the Reformers. There was a society called the Parker Society some years since, which had for *raison d'être* the unearthing of these learned, and not interesting, treatises. You see them now in country rectories. They fill up a very large share of the space that can be allotted to the parson's books, and they give a kind of theological colouring to the distinctly miscellaneous character of the rest of the library. They are generally purchased among the things "taken over" from the predecessor. Though they are such eminently respectable looking works, no one ever reads them. The dust lies on them thick and brown. If you had a few bank-notes or small documents you wished to keep in safety you could not find better places than between the uncut leaves of these dry old volumes, for they are never touched from year's end to year's end. Even the housemaid, during the spring cleaning, says, as she flicks a duster along the tops, "Taint no call to move they." But they were all written with the quill. So were all those literary monuments called the Classics. We know the deep reverence with which everyone speaks of these, and how everyone tries to appear as if the Dunciad was as familiar to him as the libretto of the last Gilbert-Sullivan opera, or Young's "Night Thoughts" were as much his daily companions as the railway novels. All the Classics are grave and serious; we feel, in fact, that they are "a little heavy, but no less sublime." The little round table on which Thomson wrote "The Seasons" is to be seen at St. Giles's, the seat of the historic family of the Shaftesburys. One can imagine him sitting among the vanished groves and glories of Eastbury House during the splendour of its meteoric career, and penning with a quill those rounded periods, inclusive of the adulation of his friend and patron Bubb Doddington. The mind pales, however, before conceiving such sonorous and somniferous verse indited with a sharp-pointed, hard steel "Schoolboard" nib on the end of a holder covered with a tartan pattern in gelatinised paper. And a great many sermons and commentaries on the Bible were written with quill pens, at the beginning of the present century. True, Dickens and Thackeray and Charlotte Brontë also used the natural writing-tool, but we can only consider that their minds were sufficiently powerful to rise above the tendencies of thought induced by the feeling of the feathery shaft, and that they were not sufficiently revolutionary to adopt the steel pen, which, however, by 1836, was rising so rapidly in public estimation that Joseph Gillott alone was turning them out at the rate of 36,000,000 a year.

The present age has been already designated the age of steel. It might, with equal appropriateness, be called the age

of steel-pens. Together with their corresponding handles, modern pens form two classes. Firstly, we have the super-refinement of the broadest "J." This is suggestive of many phases of mind, according to its holder. On the mother-of-pearl cylinder, carved at the top into a flattened device, we have the maiden lady of a certain (or uncertain) age. She sits at her sloping, escritoire and writes with it neat cold notes of the highest and most dignified propriety. She could not possibly inscribe a warm sentiment or a *conte pour rire* with a handle like that. Then we find a gilt "J" nib on the end of a porcupine quill (by-the-way, a most convenient holder), and that belongs to the sweet young curate. What an irony of destiny, that the back of the sharpest and most pointed of creatures should have been robbed to assist in the composition of unending, pointless discourse! Again, we see this pen on a plain black or brown polished holder, only just long enough to grasp conveniently, and it tells of the active modern *littérateur*. With it in one's hand, one feels a potentiality to indite a leader grave or gay, political or social; while a tragic three-volume novel, or a bright, lilting *rondel* would be equally easy. Indeed, present day literature has a distinct characteristic about it, which is connected in some subtle manner with the masculine softness or effeminate hardness of the "J" pen. This holder is quite different to the fifteen-inch-long one of the banks or business-houses. That is so redolent of business, with its hard-pointed nib, that we know no one would try to write an ordinary friendly letter even with it. One might quite as reasonably search for a love-lay in the ledger, or a Turner sketch in the day-book, as for inspiration, beyond figures, when holding such a technical instrument. Another holder that exercises a similar magnetic force is the round tin one enamelled with a little pattern, and having a tiny spring to enable one to slide the pen itself up and down telescopically. Visions of pot-hooks and hangers, of round hand, text, and copperplate arise, and the long desks of a Board school, with their rows of curly heads and greasy locks, flash before the mental eyes. Penholders like those are bought for a halfpenny in the cheap nondescript shops, and are brought to school every morning, with the work of the evening before.

The most painful specimens of the race come from either watering-places or from abroad. We know too well the terrible carved ivory, containing "six microscopic views of Mudborough-on-Sea and the surrounding neighbourhood." It is questionable whether one would experience the greater horror at being compelled to look at the "views" or having to use it for its intended purpose. As for the foreign ones, we can only conceive their employment under the direst necessity. For the pug's heads, the horse's hoofs, the stag's horn, *et hoc genus omne* of the craftsman's art, render them so fearfully top-heavy that they turn over, and entirely impede all progress. We all remember the famous collection of portrait walking-sticks of which Mr. Joggelbury Crowder contemplated the bequest to the nation when the eminent Sponge was on his sporting tour. It was recently our happy fate to meet, in a Devonshire farm-house, a penholder worthy to stand near that historic assortment. In a low-ceiled room, where "Watts on the Mind," Hannah Moore, "Telemachus," and "The Religious Keepsake" were arranged at symmetric intervals round a glass shade covering wax flowers gracefully standing on a large wool mat, we disinterred the interesting relic. It was a hazel stick, about eight inches long, and a great amount of labour had been expended on the carving of a face at the top. The nib was slightly rusted into its metal socket, and it had the appearance of being used only at rare intervals. Yet plainly, as if it spoke with the tongues of men and of angels, we heard, "My dear Maria, this comes Hoping to find you Well, As this Leaves me, thank god, At Present." Any other formula from that pen and its holder would have been a physical impossibility. But these are only hints of the extent of the unbroken ground in this direction. Let the philosophic student work further on the lines just shown.

M. F. B.

An addition to the open spaces of the metropolis was made last week, the disused burial-ground at the rear of St. James's Church, Hampstead-road—which, through the instrumentality of the Vestry of St. Pancras, has been laid out as gardens—being formally dedicated to the public. The ceremony was performed by Mrs. Lawson, the wife of the member for West St. Pancras.

In reference to the article "A Century Ago," which appeared in our issue of the 13th inst., Mr. Charles R. B. Barrett, of Carshalton House, Surrey, writes as follows:—"I have in my possession here a punch-bowl, dated 1796, made by Wedgwood for J. H. Durand, Esq., a former owner of this house. The game of cricket is represented thereon. There are six stumps and ordinary bats, but the bats are clubs. The history of the bowl can be traced, and we obtained it from the last descendant of the old landlady of the Greyhound Hotel. In this hotel the Carshalton County Club dinners used to take place, and this bowl was presented to the club by Durand, in whose grounds they played. Durand's initials are on the bowl above the date. As a work of art the bowl cannot be praised, but as almost the only known thing of the sort it has a certain interest. I may add that the players are dressed in knee-breeches, and have rather tall felt hats. In the foreground are two figures in three-cornered hats, their coats being red and blue."

## "FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED."

This is a rule prescribed by natural convenience in the feeding of almost every kind of animals, certainly of those which are left to help themselves in a wild condition, never feeling bound to wait for the arrival of their superiors; and the human guardian of a few calves, recently weaned from maternal nourishment, is not called upon to instruct his eager dependents in a conventional code of manners. He has only to take care that each of them shall be sufficiently fed, with a view to the production of that delicate flesh known to butchers and to dinner-providers and their guests by the name of veal; for we give French names, beef, mutton, pork, and veal, as the shrewd jester Wamba, in Scott's "Ivanhoe," remarks to Gurth the swineherd, though we call the ox, the sheep, the swine, and the calf, by the old English or Saxon names known to peasants who rear them for the tables of the richer folk. At the well-ordered feast among mankind, in every age and nation, the rude practice of "first come, first served" has been kindly and courteously superseded by rules or customs worthy of rational beings, who cherish a mutual respect for each other. Little children are soon taught that they must not push or scramble for their meals; it is the earliest of moral lessons, and our Artist's drawing may be presented to the infant mind as a diverting illustration of the ignorant ways of calves, similar to those of the proverbially greedy pigs, whose behaviour they cannot be allowed to imitate on any account whatever.

## THE MEDICAL COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

St. Bartholomew Hospital College will open on Oct. 3; there will be no introductory address or other ceremonial. The annual dinner of old students will take place in the evening.

St. Thomas's Hospital School, on the 1st, with an introductory address by Dr. Robert W. Reid, F.R.C.S., Eng.; the annual dinner taking place in the evening in the Governors' Hall, at which Sir William MacCormack will preside.

Guy's Hospital School, on the 3rd; and in the evening the Physical Society will hold its first meeting, when Mr. F. E. Beddard will read a paper.

The London Hospital College, on the 1st; and the old students' dinner will be held on the 3rd in the new library, in lieu of an address at the college, at which Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson, Emeritus Professor of Surgery, will preside.

St. Mary's Hospital School, on the 3rd, with an introductory address by Mr. George A. Crichtett; followed by the annual dinner in the evening, the Dean of the school in the chair.

The Westminster Hospital School, on the 3rd, with an introductory address by Dr. Sturges; after which the prizes of the past year will be distributed by Sir James Crichton Brown, and the annual dinner will be held in the evening at the Holborn Restaurant.

St. George's Hospital School, on the 3rd, with an address by Mr. Clinton Thomas Dent.

The Charing-cross Hospital School, on the 3rd, without an address or other ceremonial.

The Middlesex Hospital School, on the 3rd, when the Lord Mayor will distribute the prizes for the past year; the new school-buildings will be opened and a reception held, followed by the annual dinner at the Holborn Restaurant in the evening, Mr. Thomas W. Nunn in the chair.

King's College, on the 3rd, with an introductory address (not yet settled by whom).

University College, on the 3rd, with a lecture by Dr. H. Ratcliffe Croker.

The London School of Medicine for Women will open on Thursday, Oct. 1, when an address will be given by Mrs. Mary Ann Dacomb Scharlieb.

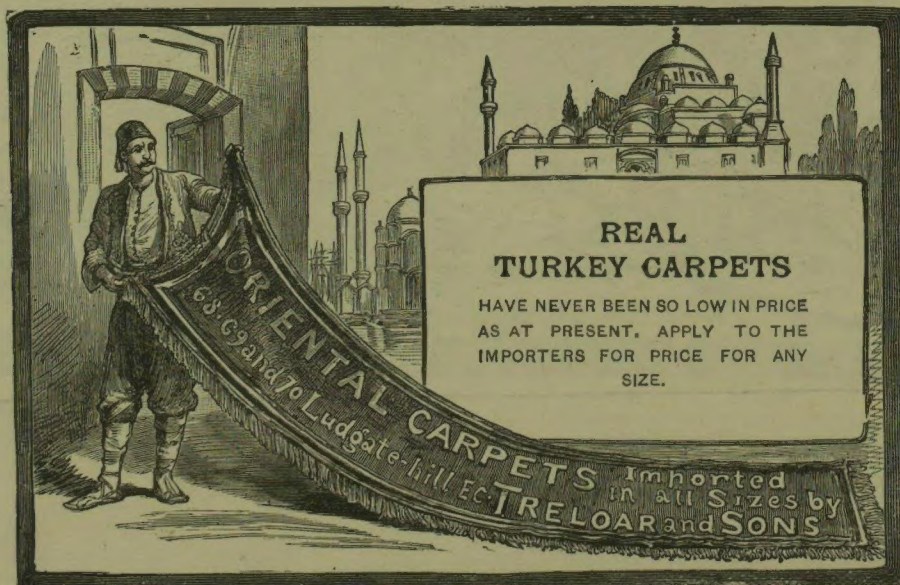
Professor William Wright, of Cambridge University, has had conferred upon him the Prussian order Pour le Mérite, for sciences and art.

A meeting of the British Dental Association was held at Glasgow on Thursday week, representatives from all towns being present. Sir Edwin Saunders, who presided, said that Sir John Tomes wished to resign the office of President of the Representative Board, and Mr. Smith Turner, of London, was appointed in his place. Next year's meeting will be held in Dublin.

The National Artillery Association practically concluded its meeting at Shoeburyness on Thursday week, when the Queen's Prize, which goes to the highest aggregates, was decided to have been won by the 6th detachment of the City of London Artillery, with a score of 111 points. The same detachment took the prize for the highest aggregate in shooting with the 40-pounder gun. The prize given by the Prince of Wales was awarded to the 4th Durham.

Mrs. Gladstone distributed the prizes at a flower-show at Hawarden Castle last week, and Mr. Gladstone took the opportunity of recommending the system adopted by small proprietors in France, of growing vegetables in gardens and allotments for market purposes. He thought that farmers, as well as peasants, might do well to turn their attention in this direction rather than to the higher walks of old-fashioned agriculture, which are no longer so remunerative as they were in former days.

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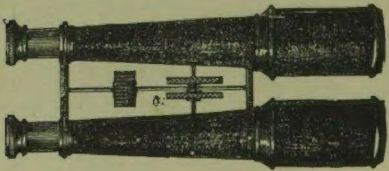
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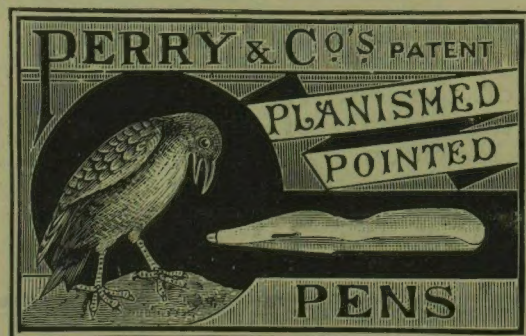
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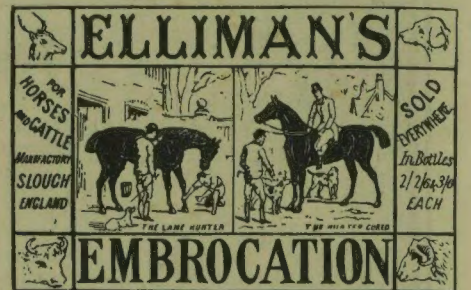
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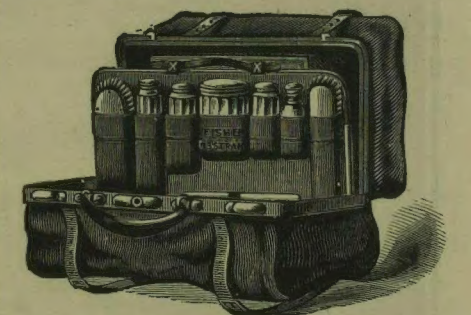


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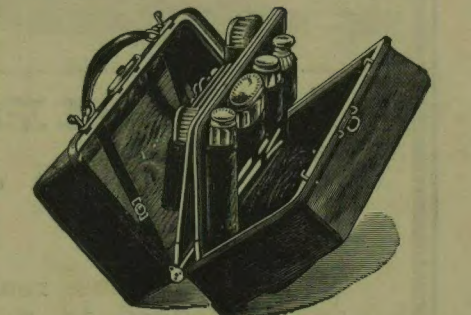
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